

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## WHAT MARGERY SAW.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Do you know why Margery's eyes are bright  
As the moonlit drops of dew?  
Do you know why Margery's heart is light,  
And Margery's tears are few?  
This glad little maid has found by chance  
The fairies' woodland ring,  
And there she has seen the fairies dance,  
And has heard the fairies sing.  
Oh, I wish *we* could!—but we need not strive,  
For this is the fairy law,  
That only the best little girl alive  
Can see what Margery saw.

Their ring is deep in the cool dim wood,—  
The murmuring brook beyond.  
'T is a magical, mystical neighborhood  
On the shore of a sheltered pond;  
The crickets chirp in the twilight hush,  
And the katydids blithely call,

And the wonderful trills of a fluting thrush  
On the ears of the dancers fall.  
And I 'm sure we are anxious, you and I,  
To discover that ring ourselves;  
And, creeping close to it, soft and sly,  
To see the frolicking elves.

Oh, Margery knows how they skim the ground  
And flutter their gauzy wings!  
And Margery knows the liquid sound  
They hear when the wood-bird sings.  
The firefly shimmers his tiny spark,  
And the owllet winks and stares,  
When the madcap fairies tread the dark  
In scores and dozens and pairs.  
But to find that dancing-ring, and see  
The feather-foot fays arrive,  
There is only one way, and that 's to be  
The best little girl alive!



## OUT-OF-THE-WAY CORNERS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WEST FRONT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

IN the first place it might reasonably be asked what feature is left in so famous a building as Westminster Abbey that is not an old story; but, as a matter of fact, there are about the wonderful old structure many interesting things which the ordinary tourist never sees, and the general note-taker never mentions. One reason for this is that, amid such an immense number of interesting objects as are to be found here, some must almost necessarily be overlooked; and then, too, there are certain portions of the Abbey that are closed to the public, and can be seen only by special permission of the dean himself, and so these corners are seldom visited by the mere tourist, and are still less frequently described.

While spending some time in London recently, I became acquainted with one of the best informed of the vergers who are connected with the Abbey, and, under his guidance, when he was at leisure, I passed many delightful hours wandering about the building; and, though I thought I was perfectly familiar with it before, I found that a wealth of interesting details had escaped me. Some few of these I will describe here to quicken the recollections of those who may have visited the Abbey, or to serve as a guide to those who are yet to view its monuments and relics.

In the west aisle, between the monuments of those two great men, Warren Hastings and Richard Cobden, is one of Jonas Hanway,

whose chief claim to fame is that he was the first man in England who carried an umbrella. It is not probable, though, that this is the reason why he was buried in the Abbey, since he was also famous in his day as a traveler and a philanthropist. He journeyed much in the East, and wrote a most interesting account of his life there. Afterward he came home, and, making a tour of England, wrote so dull a book about it, that it drew from the celebrated Dr. Johnson the characteristic remark that:

"Jonas acquired some reputation by traveling abroad, and lost it all by traveling at home."

In the north aisle of the nave there is a monument to a naval officer, Admiral Tyrrell, which represents the admiral as going up into heaven out of the sea, and is so absurdly designed that, from the representation of clouds which crowned it, it has come to be called the "Pancake" monument.

The Jerusalem Chamber is entirely outside the Abbey, near the west end. This was the withdrawing-room of the abbot's house, and still belongs to the Deanery. It probably received its name from the subjects of some tapestries which decorated the walls; and many other rooms in the old palace of Westminster had equally fanciful names — such as "Heaven," "Paradise," and "Antioch." The Jerusalem Chamber is reached by several passages, and a modern sense of the fitness of things has caused a smaller room, from which the visitor enters these passages, to be called the "Jericho" Chamber, because it is a "sabbath day's journey" from one to the other!

Probably no part of the Abbey is richer in historical associations than the Jerusalem Chamber. It was here that Henry IV. was brought to die in 1413, when he was taken ill in the Abbey, just as he was starting on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. While making his prayers at St. Edward's shrine, that the saint would speed him on his way, the king fell down in a fit. At that time there were no conveniences for heating the Abbey, and the only fireplace connected with the entire structure was in the Jerusalem Chamber. Thither the king was brought, and laid down on the floor before the fire, where he soon expired. It is said that as he recovered consciousness, he inquired where he was, and, on being told, accepted his situation as the fulfilment of a prophecy that he was to die in Jerusalem. Later there assembled in this room the stately company of divines who compiled the West-



THE CORONATION CHAIR, AND SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

minster Catechism, while later still there sat around the heavy table which now fills the center of the room that serious body of

learned men who labored so faithfully to revise the Bible.

Not far from the Jerusalem Chamber is the College Hall. This lofty room, of noble proportions, was the refectory of the abbot's house, and now is used as a dining-room for the boys of Westminster School. This is a famous old school, supported by the funds of the Abbey, and directed by the officers connected with that institution. The massive tables which are ranged about the room, and from which the boys still eat, are made of heavy chestnut planks taken out of the Spanish Armada, and two of them still show deep dents made in them by English cannon-balls. It was only under the management of Dean Buckland, who died as lately as 1856, that a stove was put into this hall to heat it. Up to that time the primitive method which had been in vogue for centuries was adhered to, and the smoke from a huge open brazier, which stood in the center of the room, curled up among the rafters and found its way, if it could, out through an opening in the roof.

Here and there in odd corners one finds a deliberate tabby, perhaps with well-grown kittens playing about her. Noiseless and dignified, the cats seem in keeping with the repose of the old building; and no doubt they are also useful to prevent rats and mice from trying their sharp, white teeth upon the carved woodwork.

It is a long walk from the dining-room of the Westminster School to the coronation chair, which stands behind the old stone screen, just back of the altar in the Abbey, but there is an interesting connection between the two. This chair, as is well known, is a rude, heavy, oak chair, much worn by time. It contains the "Stone of Scone," and was made by the order of Edward I., in 1297, and every English sovereign since then has sat in it to be crowned.

A stout railing in front of the chair restrains the crowd of visitors from coming near, but if they were allowed to examine it as closely as I was fortunate enough to do, they would find cut boldly into the solid oak seat, in such sprawling letters as the schoolboy's knife makes upon his desk, "P. Abbott slept in this chair Jan. 4th, 1801." P. Abbott, it seems, was a

Westminster School boy, and a tradition, which there is every reason to believe is true, tells that he made a wager with a schoolmate that he dare stay in the Abbey all night, alone. In order to win his wager he hid in some corner of the old building until the doors were locked for the night, and thus was left alone there. Fearing, however, that, when morning came, the boy with whom he had made the bet would disbelieve his statement that he had won it, he determined to have some proof of the fact, and so spent the hours of the early morning in carving on the coronation chair the sentence which, even now, nearly a century after, bears witness for him. It is disappointing that the tradition does not record just what form and amount of punishment was visited upon the lad for his escapade, and that history does not tell us of his later years. I wonder whether the courage and grit which this deed manifested foretold an energetic, successful life, or was dissipated in mere bravado.

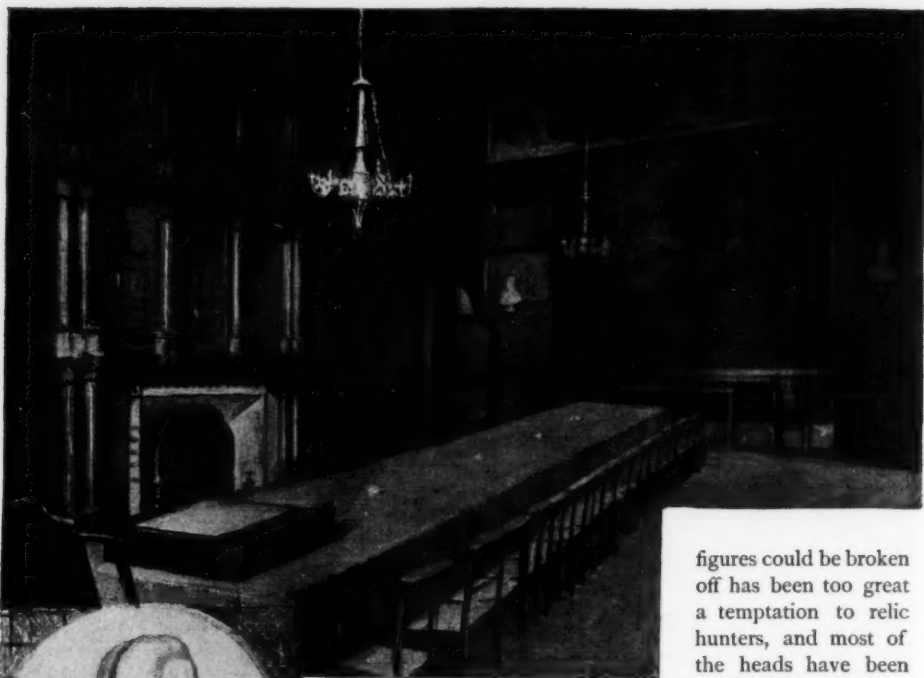
When a sovereign is to be crowned the coronation chair is carried around the screen, placed in the sacarium before the altar, and a robe of cloth-of-gold and ermine thrown over it. It has been taken out of the Abbey but once, and that was when Oliver Cromwell was installed in it as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall. Beside it is a companion chair, as nearly like it as possible, which was provided when, at the coronation of William and Mary, it was necessary that two thrones of equal importance be employed. Although the chairs are of very nearly the same size, the seat of the newer one is quite four inches higher than that of the old, an interesting commentary on the human nature of sovereigns. William, as is well known, was a small man, several inches shorter than his royal wife, who was considerably above the height of the average woman. In order that this inequality in height should not be so conspicuous at the ceremony that the king would be made to look insignificant by it, the seat of the chair in which he was to sit was made high enough to bring his head on a level with that of the queen.

Near the center of the south wall of the nave is a monument to Major André of Revolutionary note. The very long inscription upon it be-





"HE SPENT THE HOURS OF THE EARLY MORNING IN CARVING A SENTENCE ON THE CORONATION CHAIR."



THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

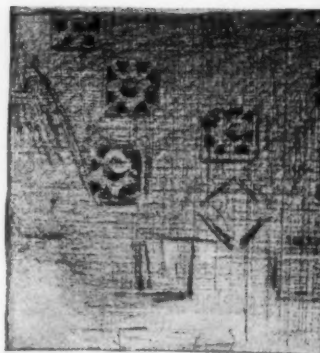


General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and country, on the 2nd October, 1780, aged twenty-nine, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes."

About the base of the monument, which is a panel set against the wall, are several small figures. These project from the panel, and represent the presentation of Major André's letter to General Washington on the night before his execution. The ease with which the heads of these

figures could be broken off has been too great a temptation to relic hunters, and most of the heads have been knocked off and stolen. That such vandalism

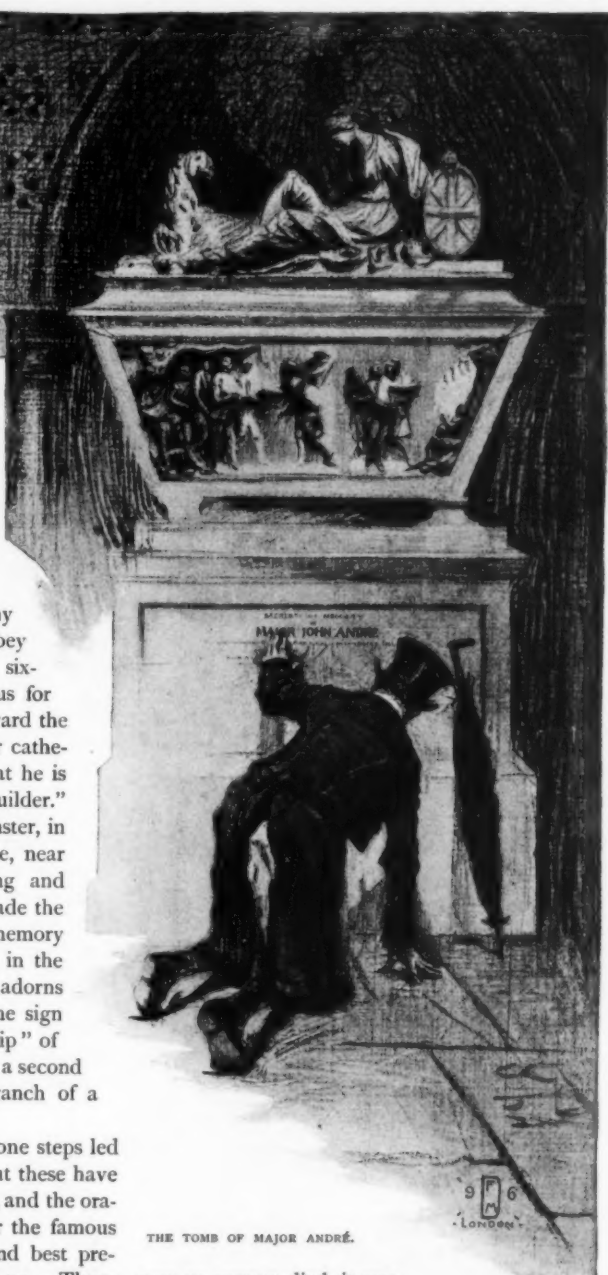
is not wholly modern is shown from the fact that Charles Lamb writes of the defacing of this very monument in this way in his "Essays of Elia." Southey, the poet, when a boy, was a pupil at the Westminster School. Later in life he was exceedingly sensitive in regard to his political principles, and for a time a serious quarrel existed between himself and Lamb, because the latter, speaking in regard to this injury to André's monument, described it as "the wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired perhaps with raw notions of transatlantic freedom." Then, addressing Southey, he added, "The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" There is now fastened upon the wall of the nave, above the monument, a wreath of oak leaves which Dean Stanley, when he visited America, gathered near the spot on the bank of the Hudson river where André was executed. Although André died in 1780, it was not until 1821 that, at the request of the Duke



of York, his bones were exhumed and taken to England to be buried in the Abbey. The box in which they were placed for the voyage is still preserved in the oratory over St. Islip's chapel, where the wax figures are kept.

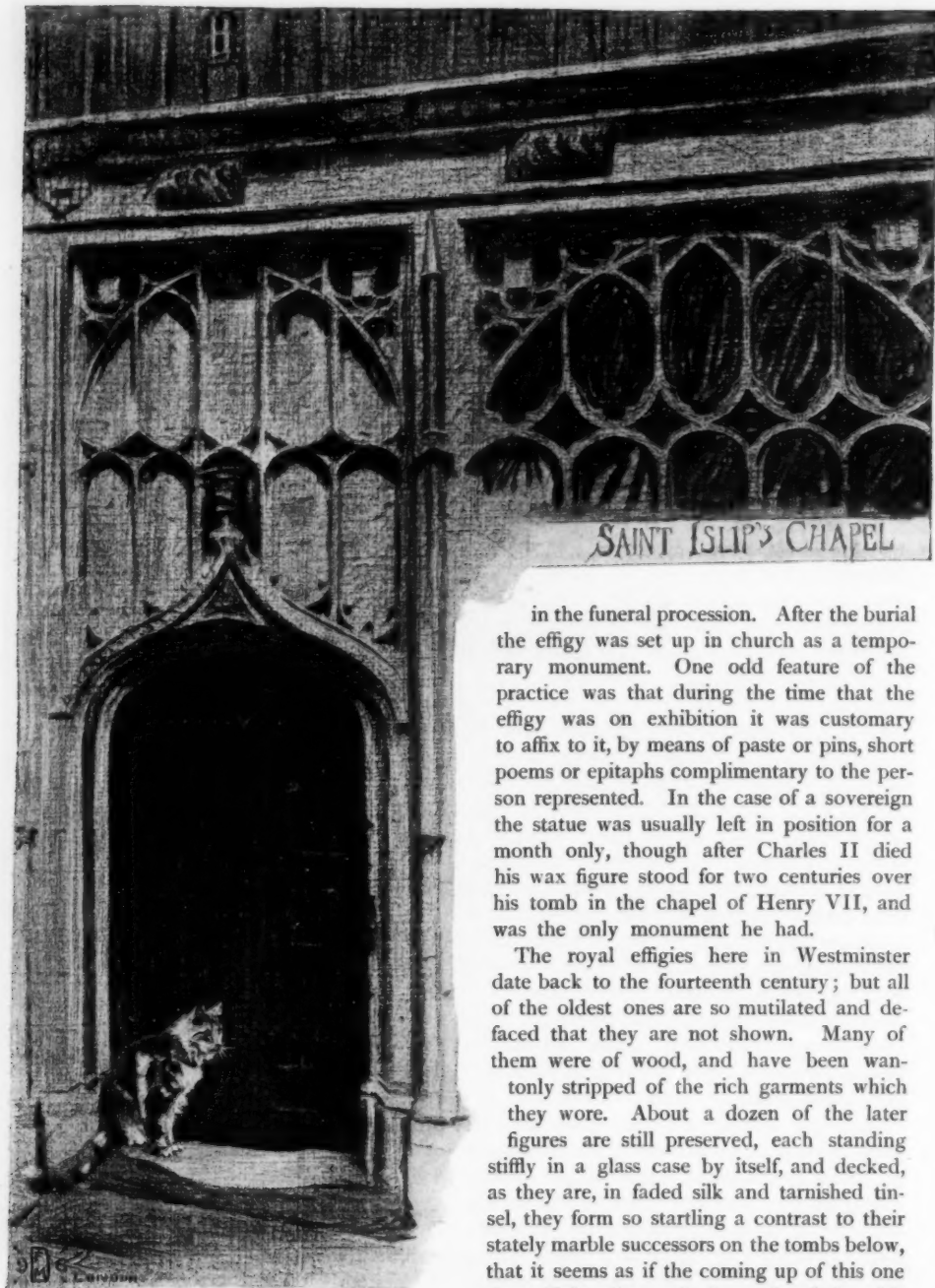
One of the greatest of the many abbots who have ruled the Abbey was Islip, who held office in the sixteenth century. He had a genius for architecture, and did so much toward the building of Westminster and other cathedrals throughout the kingdom that he is known in history as "the great builder." His body lies buried at Westminster, in a little chapel called by his name, near the west entrance. In designing and building this chapel the abbot made the room itself a monument to his memory by repeating over and over again in the elaborate carved stone frieze which adorns the wall his favorite rebus or name sign — an eye, with the branch, or "slip" of a tree, grasped by a hand; and, as a second form, a man slipping from the branch of a tree to the ground.

Years ago a flight of narrow stone steps led to the oratory above the chapel, but these have long since been covered with wood, and the oratory is used as a storage place for the famous wax effigies, the least grotesque and best preserved of which may still be seen there. These wax statues are the mementos of a strange old-time ceremony. Long ago, when a great



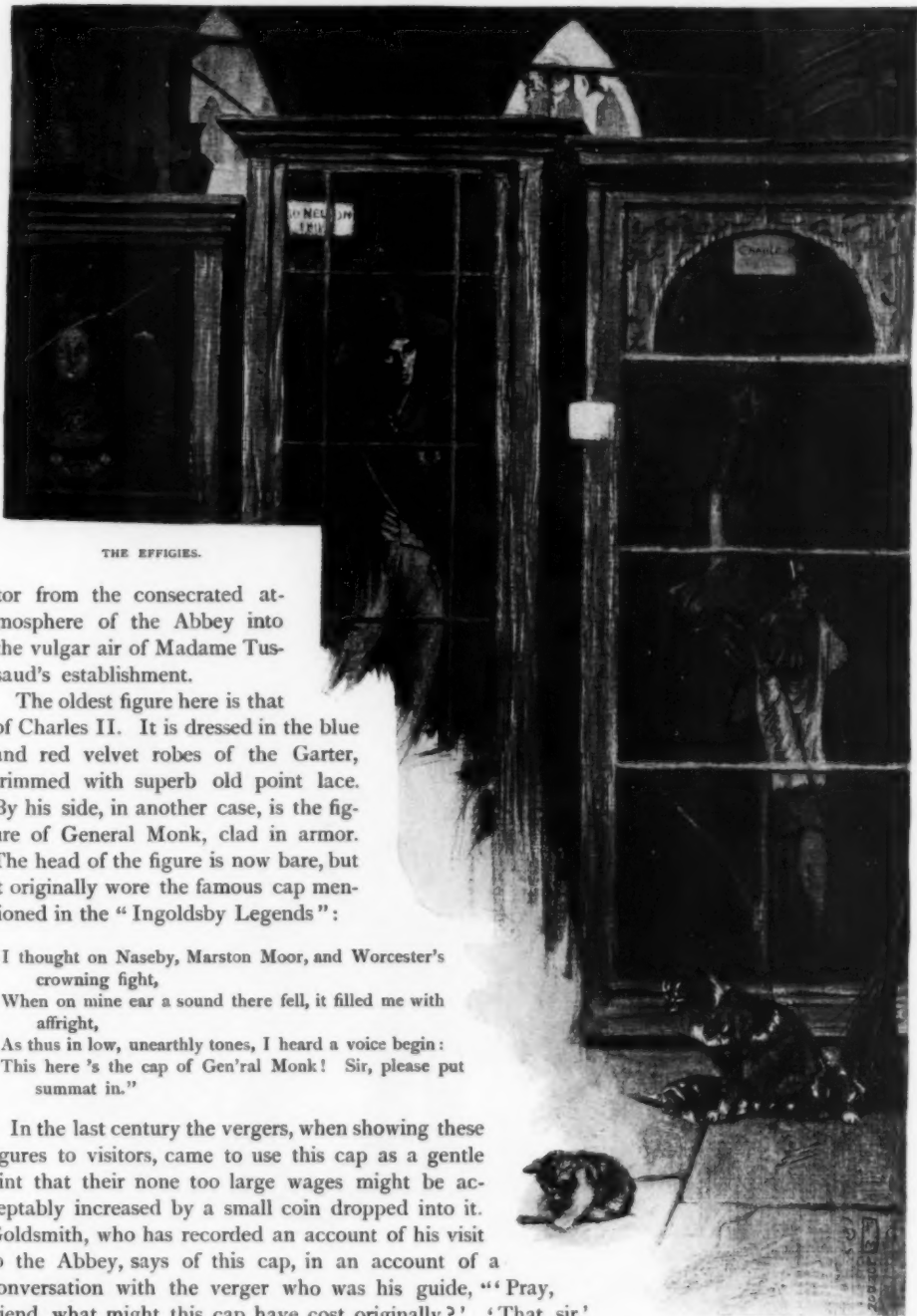
THE TOMB OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

man or woman died, it was the custom to model a representation of the deceased, dressed as in life, which was carried



in the funeral procession. After the burial the effigy was set up in church as a temporary monument. One odd feature of the practice was that during the time that the effigy was on exhibition it was customary to affix to it, by means of paste or pins, short poems or epitaphs complimentary to the person represented. In the case of a sovereign the statue was usually left in position for a month only, though after Charles II died his wax figure stood for two centuries over his tomb in the chapel of Henry VII, and was the only monument he had.

The royal effigies here in Westminster date back to the fourteenth century; but all of the oldest ones are so mutilated and defaced that they are not shown. Many of them were of wood, and have been wantonly stripped of the rich garments which they wore. About a dozen of the later figures are still preserved, each standing stiffly in a glass case by itself, and decked, as they are, in faded silk and tarnished tinsel, they form so startling a contrast to their stately marble successors on the tombs below, that it seems as if the coming up of this one short flight of steps had translated the visi-



THE EFFIGIES.

tor from the consecrated atmosphere of the Abbey into the vulgar air of Madame Tussaud's establishment.

The oldest figure here is that of Charles II. It is dressed in the blue and red velvet robes of the Garter, trimmed with superb old point lace. By his side, in another case, is the figure of General Monk, clad in armor. The head of the figure is now bare, but it originally wore the famous cap mentioned in the "Ingoldsby Legends":

I thought on Naseby, Marston Moor, and Worcester's  
crowning fight,  
When on mine ear a sound there fell, it filled me with  
affright,  
As thus in low, unearthly tones, I heard a voice begin:  
"This here 's the cap of Gen'ral Monk! Sir, please put  
summat in."

In the last century the vergers, when showing these figures to visitors, came to use this cap as a gentle hint that their none too large wages might be acceptably increased by a small coin dropped into it. Goldsmith, who has recorded an account of his visit to the Abbey, says of this cap, in an account of a conversation with the verger who was his guide, "'Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?' 'That, sir,'



says he, 'I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble.'"

The two latest figures, those of the Earl of Chatham and Admiral Nelson, were unquestionably put in by the officers of the Abbey merely for show purposes, to increase the attractiveness of the exhibit. That of Lord Nelson is interesting from the fact that it is dressed in a suit of clothes which the admiral once wore. There seems good reason to believe this

to be true, since, when Maclise borrowed the figure as a model while he was painting his famous painting "Death of Nelson," he found attached to the lining of the hat the eyepatch without which the admiral, who was blind in one eye, never appeared. Nelson is buried in St. Paul's in spite of his famous exhortation to his men at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, where he cried, "Westminster Abbey, or glorious victory!"

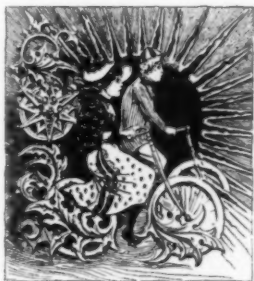


THE LITTLE JACK TARS ARE "ALL AT SEA" ON LAND.



## BICYCLE SONG.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



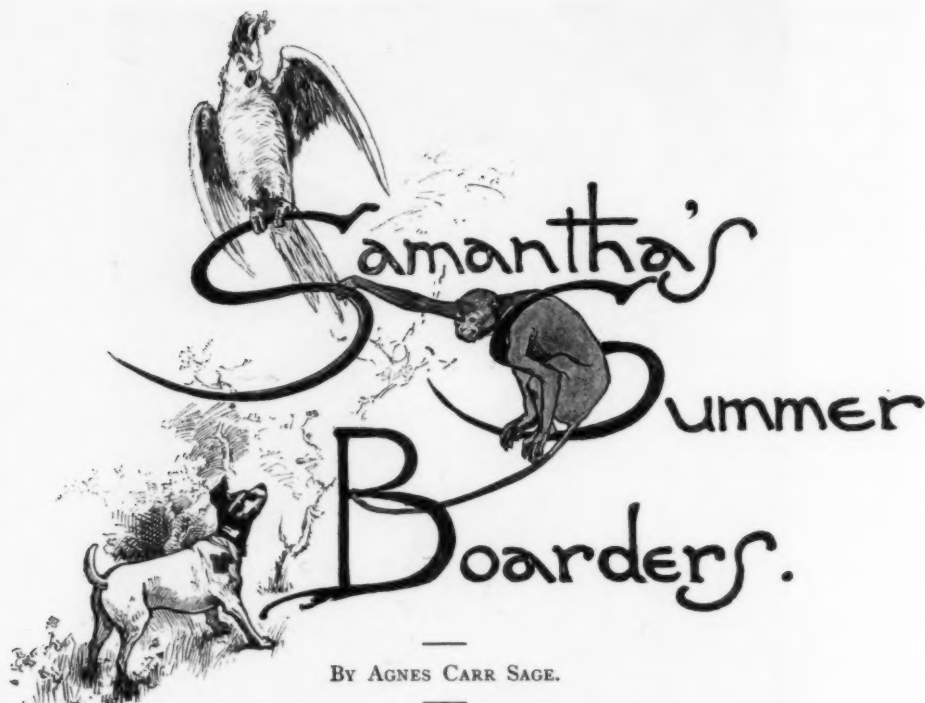
LIGHT upon the  
pedal,  
Firm upon the  
seat,  
Fortune's wheel in  
fettters  
Fast beneath  
our feet,  
Leave the clouds  
behind us,

Split the wind we meet,  
Swift, oh, swift and silent,  
Rolling down the street!

When the dark comes, twinkling  
Like fireflies in the wheat,

Bells before us tinkling  
Fairly and feat,  
By the gate of gardens,  
Where the dusk is sweet,  
Slide like apparitions  
Through the startled street!

Spearmen in the desert  
Maybe fly as fleet,  
Northern lights in heaven,  
Sparkles on the sleet!  
Swift, oh, swift and silent,  
Just before we greet  
The outer edge of nothing  
Turn rolling up the street!



# Samantha's Summer Boarders.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

SAMANTHA came up the road at a rapid pace. Her short, broad feet, encased in coarse leather shoes, made deep tracks in the white dust. The strings of her sun-bonnet flew back over her shoulders, and her limp calico frock flapped feebly about her ankles as she ran. A pert little squirrel frisked along the rail fence, and the first daisy of the season nodded from the roadside, but she heeded neither and never paused until the front gate of the Tuft farm was reached. In at this gate then she turned, allowing it to slam sharply behind her as she sped on up the straight path and in at an open door, standing hospitably open.

Once within the cool, narrow entry, however, she stopped for breath and called:

"Ma! ma! — where are you, ma?"

"Here, S'manthy! In the milk-room!" echoed faintly from rear regions of the old, substantial stone house in which three generations of Tufts had "lived and moved and had their

being," and the eager girl hurried off to that cleanest of sanctuaries, where the June sunshine was reflected from the brightest of tin pans on the well-scrubbed shelves, and where she found her mother vigorously plying the dasher of a great churn standing in the middle of the stone floor.

"So you are back at last," she said. "Did you get the meal, and the brown sugar, and the turkey-red cotton? — and did you call at the post-office?"

"Yes, ma'am, everything;" and Samantha deposited sundry brown paper parcels on the table. "But, ma, I want to ask you something! May I take a boarder this summer?"

"You take a boarder!" exclaimed Mrs. Tuft, and a scornful little laugh brought a deeper red to her daughter's cheeks. "I pity the boarder who would have to depend on the cooking of a bookworm like you, S'manthy Jane! I suppose, though, you mean will I take one? But I say no. Had enough of it last year with that artist chap from the city. Bless my heart, what a

nuisance he was! Lyin' abed till all hours of the morning, wanting his breakfast when Christian folk were beginning to think of their dinner, and traipsing over the country half the night to secure what he called 'moonlight effects.' No; when he went I made up my mind—no more fine young gentlemen lodgers for me!"

"But this one is n't a fine young gentleman," interposed Samantha, a roguish twinkle dancing in her eye.

"Well, a lady is ten times worse; and as for the responsibility of a child, I would n't think of it for a moment."

"But it is n't a lady and it is n't a child; and he'll eat and go out and in just when you want him to," argued the girl.

Mrs. Tuft paused in her churning, although the butter was just commencing to come, and gazed at the now laughing maiden in puzzled astonishment. "Now, S'manthy Jane, quit that giggling and mystifying, and speak out plain. Who is it you want to take to board?"

"'Mr. Pettijohn.'"

"And who, pray, is Mr. Pettijohn?"

"He's old Miss Granger's fox-terrier, and the brightest, cutest little fellow you ever set eyes on. He would n't be a mite of trouble."

"Did she ask you to take charge of him?"

"Yes, for three months, while she is away visiting her sister. I met her in the post-office, and she wanted to know if I would look after him for a dollar a week."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her I would, gladly, if you had no objections. And you have n't really, have you, ma dear? I shall enjoy having the little beast here, and the twelve dollars will almost pay for my commutation-ticket to Homeville next fall."

"Then you are still set upon goin' to the Normal College?"

"Oh, yes, if I can earn money enough to buy proper clothes and pay my traveling-expenses back and forth. Pa says he cannot help me, although he would be proud enough to see me a teacher. I thought this offer was a real god-send."

"Well, I dunno what to say! You know your father does n't fancy dogs overmuch."

"But I'm sure he would n't mind a tiny chap like this," Samantha argued.

"And you've had twice the schoolin' now I ever had."

"Which is lucky, since I have n't half your faculty for butter-making and housekeeping. Why, Miss Granger said just now she wanted her 'dear little Petty' to come here, because she felt sure we could be relied on. She knew it because Mrs. Tuft's butter was always so sweet and good, and her pound-rolls such true, honest weight."

Mrs. Tuft's countenance relaxed at this compliment. It was her peculiarity to raise objections and then in the end to yield; for in her heart of hearts she was vastly proud of her clever child, and longed to give her every advantage possible. "That they are. Miss Granger is a nice, sensible woman, and I suppose we might as well accommodate her. A dollar a week will be some help, and mebbe, S'manthy, since we may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, you can get a few other four-footed boarders to keep the little creature company."

"Perhaps so, but I fear not in this neighborhood"; and the girl turned demurely away, suppressing a smile at the hearty way in which her mother had come over to her side.

So Mr. Pettijohn came to the farm, and quickly won the good-will of everybody by his cunning tricks and gentlemanly manners. Truly he was a veritable Chevalier Bayard among dogs, as brave as a diminutive lion, and with the sunniest temper, greeting one and all with a pleasant little bark of welcome, and such a friendly offering of his small, white paw, that it was quite captivating. Samantha wished she could open the house to a dozen such easy-going inmates; but the near-by village of Briarly was not large, and the majority of its inhabitants were people of moderate means who would have considered it the height of extravagance to "board out" their pet animals.

Nevertheless, a week after the fox-terrier's advent, Judge Newcome, the leading citizen and wealthiest man of the place, suddenly determined upon a flying trip to Europe, and drove out to ask our young heroine to take charge of a handsome and valuable cockatoo, as distinguished for her linguistic accomplishments as for her brilliant plumage; while Mrs. Newcome, who was to accompany her husband,

begged that she might also send some highly prized palms and rubber-plants, agreeing to pay five dollars a month for the bird and the plants.

Joyously did Samantha consent; and Farmer Tuft declared they had a "home circus every night," with Mr. Pettijohn playing "dead dog," and dancing and standing on his head for sugar, and Madam Fatima making grave, funny speeches, and singing "Daisy Bell" in a voice like a rusty door hinge.

Not yet, however, was the happy family complete; for on one of her visits to the post-office Samantha was surprised to receive a letter addressed to herself. It proved to be from Miss Granger, and ran thus:

DEAR MISS SAMANTHA: I am trying to persuade my sister to join me in a "conducted tour" to the Thousand Islands and Quebec; but she hesitates on account of having no one with whom to leave "Gumbo," an interesting pet, to whom she is as much attached as I am to my precious Pettijohn. It occurred to me then that you would, perhaps, be willing to take him on the same terms as you charged me, and I write to ask. He could be expressed to Briarly, and you would, doubtless, find him very amusing, while he could be chained, should he ever prove troublesome. Please let me hear from you by return mail, and oblige

Yours faithfully,

ABIGAIL GRANGER.

"Good news, mamsey! good news! Another dog is coming to be a chum for Mr. Pettijohn!" shouted the girl, gleefully, as she reached home with this epistle, and you may be sure, she lost no time in answering it, and gazed with increased satisfaction at the chamois-skin purse that became heavier and heavier every week.

"Won't you and Gumbo have jolly good fun together?" she remarked twenty times to the terrier, who listened knowingly, wriggled as though in delighted anticipation, and then rolled over at her feet with all his four slender legs in the air.

Ten days elapsed, and then at last, one evening, an express wagon drove up to the gate, and a grinning country youth carried in a small, brown object—an object not unlike an animated mummy, with the wickedest twinkle in its deep-set beads of eyes, and chattering like a whole flock of magpies; for the journey had sadly ruffled Master Gumbo's feelings, and he arrived in the worst possible humor.

"A monkey!" shrieked Samantha, scarce believing her eyes. Mrs. Tuft threw up her hands, and tumbled speechless into a chair, while her husband fairly roared, exclaiming, "Well, the clown for the circus has come now, sartain sure!"

As for Mr. Pettijohn, he skipped round on three legs, growling and barking in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

"Oh, dear, dear! whatever shall I do with the creature! Miss Granger ought to have told me plainly!" wailed the girl indignantly when, having recovered from her first surprise, she led the way to an outer summer kitchen, where the expressman chained the gibbering beast to a table, and, having supplied him with food, they left him to rest and recover from the effects of his trip.

Indeed, I am afraid an indignation meeting was held under the Tufts' roof that night, but in the morning Gumbo appeared quite a different being. He was tame and docile, readily made friends with Samantha, and even cuddled in her lap and rubbed his round brown head against her shoulder, while it was comical to see him hold an apple in his almost too human hands and nip off bits with his sharp little teeth. Finally, too, Mr. Pettijohn was induced to extend a paw of welcome to the newcomer, which the monkey accepted gingerly and with an ugly grimace. Ere long, however, they became excellent comrades and had many a scamper together over the green lawn.

But now Samantha found her hands pretty full and was up with the sun every morning to feed her charges, give the dog his bath, comb Gumbo, clean Fatima's cage, and water, and wash the leaves of, Mrs. Newcome's plants, which thrived finely on the cool, shady north porch.

On the whole, the monkey behaved fairly well and was the delight of every urchin in the neighborhood. There were days when his young keeper declared he was "a perfect angel in fur," and, sending him up into the cherry-trees, she pelted him with tiny pebbles, at which he would fling her down the ripe fruit in retaliation and seem to enjoy the sport. But on other days the very spirit of mischief appeared to possess him, and nothing was safe from his marauding little paws. He had a well developed taste, for



rummaging, and would poke into every box, drawer, or closet carelessly left open, bearing off anything that caught his fancy. A caller at the farm one afternoon was nearly frightened out of her wits at sight of Gumbo leaping down the stairs arrayed in a yellow silk shawl and with Mrs. Tuft's best Sunday bonnet perched on his saucy head; while, apparently, the set purpose and ambition of his soul was to purloin the longest feathers from Fatima's gay-hued tail.

Time and again the family was summoned to the cockatoo's cage by wails of woe and sharp cries of "Ma — Pa — S'manthy! Come, quick! Gumbo's a-stealin', Gumbo's a-stealin'! Po-or Fatima! Ow-w-w!" and arrived just in season to rescue the shrieking bird from the naughty rascal's depredations; after which he spent hours chained up in disgrace, but, I fear, was released as unrepentant as ever.

So the summer wore away until August, when Mrs. Tufts was called to her mother, who was ill in a town a hundred miles distant. "I can't bear to leave you alone, daughter," she said, "to keep house, look after pa, and take care of the critters by yourself; but if your grandma should die without my seeing her I could never forgive myself, while you must have Minty Jones over every Saturday to bake and clean up."

"Of course you must go," replied Samantha decidedly, "and we shall get along famously I don't doubt."

But she did not feel so cheerful as her words indicated, and with rather a sinking heart, she saw the traveler depart.

She was not fond of housework, and it was with a bit of a sigh that she laid aside her beloved books, with which she was preparing for the fall examinations at Homeville. But she determined to do her best, and bravely carried out her resolution, sweeping, cooking, churning, and scarcely spending an idle moment, for she thought: "Ma has been so kind about my 'boarders,' I'll show her I do know something besides algebra and Latin, and one need n't be helpless if one is the bookworm she calls me."

Her father found her a bright, sympathetic

companion, and became more confidential with her than he had ever been, as they sat on the porch at eventide, with Mr. Pettijohn curled up between them, and watched the sunset behind the distant hills.

He told her of a large sum of money due him on the 15th, with which he intended to pay off part of the mortgage on the farm; and said that he hoped, by the time she had finished her course at the Normal College, to be able to give her a year in one of the large cities, there to acquire certain finishing touches in music and languages—"for I want my girl to hold up her head with the best teachers in the land."

"Oh, dear pa, that is more than I ever expected," she said gratefully; and it was with delighted awe that she beheld a great roll of greenbacks which Mr. Tuft brought in one Friday morning, saying: "Put those away very carefully, S'manthy, until Monday, when I mean to drive over to Homeville and see the man who holds the mortgage."

"Where will be the safest place?" she asked, glancing round the summer kitchen in which she stood, one end of which was occupied by a



"GUMBO ARRAYED IN A YELLOW SILK SHAWL AND MRS. TUFT'S BEST SUNDAY BONNET."

big, old-fashioned Dutch oven, built by her great-grandfather. Then, as her eye fell on this mound of bricks, she cried: "Oh, I know! I'll hide them in the oven; nobody will ever think of looking there."

"No, I reckon they won't," laughed Mr. Tuft with an approving nod, as he strode back to his work, while she rolled up the bills and deposited them in the dark brick recess asso-

ciated with Thanksgiving turkeys and Christmas pies; for it was used only on special occasions, when extra large bakings were to be done, a stove answering for every-day needs. She had just lightly shut the door, and was turning to get something for Gumbo, who was chattering impatiently for his dinner, when a rosy, freckled face was popped in at the window, and the familiar voice of a young neighbor exclaimed:

"Hello, Samantha! I have just run over to see if you can go berrying with us to-morrow. All the boys and girls are going up on Blueberry Hill, where they say the 'hucks' are as thick as spatter."

"Oh, Jennie, I should love to, but I can't leave the house alone! Though—wait! Black Minty is coming to-morrow, so perhaps I can get away. I 'll ask pa."

"Do, and we 'll stop for you at nine o'clock. Good-by, then, for we 're making plum sauce at our house, and I have n't time to linger a second." And off cheery Jennie Parsons hurried, leaving Samantha fascinated by the idea of a day's outing.

Her father urged her to go. "You have been tied pretty close of late," he said, "and a little junketing will do you good. Next week, too, harvesting begins, when there will be extra hands to feed, and you may not have another chance to pick berries this season."

So Samantha set her house in order betimes, and was all ready when the wagonload of merry, laughing young folks drove up. Their coming was heralded by Fatima bobbing her gray crest in the sunny doorway and piping:

"Here they come! Git up! Hip, hip, hurray!"

"Black Minty," Mrs. Araminta Jones, was on hand and promised to do "a hull mess o' bakin', and keep a sharp eye on the brown gemman, though she 'lowed she felt drefful timorsome when dat leetle monkey glared at her for all de worl' like de Voodoo doctor and looked so mighty mysterious."

"Just turn Gumbo out in the yard and he will be all right," said Samantha; "and, Minty, be sure that you don't forget we shall want

three times the usual amount of bread and cake and pies for the harvest men."

"Yes, 'm, I 'll 'member"; and with a light-some heart the little housewife finally clambered into the cart.

"Let us take Pettijohn," suggested some one, as the dog sat up on his hind legs and begged piteously to be of the party. So he, too, was tucked in, and off the jolly crew started to where Blueberry Hill raised its verdure-clad peak toward the azure August sky.

For once, too, report spoke truly, and the huckleberries *were* "as thick as spatter"; so baskets and pails were filled to overflowing, while never did sandwiches, eggs, and dropcakes taste more delicious than those enjoyed by the side of Wintergreen Spring, a little crystal pool standing in a moss-edged basin fit for a fairies' well. Indeed, it proved a halcyon day in every respect, and Mr. Pettijohn was the life of the goodly company, displaying all his choicest accomplishments for the entertainment of the picnickers and the bones of the broiled chicken; while, as they rode home in the purple gloaming, Samantha thought she had rarely felt so happy. No shadow of threatening evil clouded her bright spirits.

"Your father is waiting for you at the gate," remarked Jennie Parsons as they approached the Tuft farm; and when they drew up he came forward to assist his daughter to alight.

"Oh, pa, we have had a lovely time!" ex-



"SHE 'LOWED SHE FELT DREFFUL TIMORSOME WHEN DAT LEETLE MONKEY GLARED AT HER."

claimed Samantha; "and I trust all has gone smoothly here. Did Minty give you plenty of dinner?"

"Yes, yes, child, a great plenty." But, as

the rest of the merry-makers rolled on, calling back many a cordial "good night!" he turned a white, drawn face toward the girl, and asked in a husky whisper: "S'manthy, where is the money?"

"The money? What money?"

"The money for the mortgage."

"Why, it's in the Dutch oven, of course. You know I put it there and you agreed that it was the safest place."

"Then it is gone!" and with a groan the man leaned against the fence and buried his head in his hands.

"But, pa, it can't be gone! Who would take it?"

"It's burnt up."

"Burnt up?"

"Yes. Minty has been baking there."

"It — is n't — possible!" and now Samantha also turned pale.

"It is true. She says you told her to cook up an extra lot of victuals for the harvest men, and the stove oven is so small she thought it would save time to use the old brick one."

"But that takes hours to heat."

"Yes, but she made a fire right after you left and baked in the afternoon. When I came in to supper, the summer kitchen was like a furnace."

"Did you look for the bills?"

"Certainly, and not a scrap of them is to be found. My one hope was that you might have moved them elsewhere. I tell you, child, it's a big loss for a poor man, and I don't know how I'm ever goin' to make it up!"

Feeling half dazed then, Samantha entered the house, where she came upon Araminta sobbing loudly and the cockatoo mocking her; though the bird at sight of her keeper immediately began to cackle, "Drefful hubbub, S'manthy! Fatima's a good girl! Gumbo's been a-stealin'! Bad Gumbo!"

"Oh, dear! I wish the worst trouble was a monkey trick!" sighed Samantha, raking fruitlessly in the yawning hot oven, while the colored woman protested: "I did n't know Miss S'manthy, 'deed I did n't! 'Twixt dat sassy parrot and pesky botherin' ape I'm most plumb crazy, and, Miss S'manthy, you'd ought to hab tole me 'bout de bankbillses."

"But I never dreamed of your making a fire here!" moaned Samantha wearily, and as soon as possible she got rid of the negress and retired to woo the oblivion of sleep with a dumb, crushing weight on her young heart. "If only I had not gone to the picnic!" was her last waking thought.

The next day was Sunday, and a blue Sunday it proved. Mr. Tuft complained of a headache and lay on the sofa, refusing either to talk or eat; while, though his daughter went to church, she heard little of the sermon and cried softly all through the prayers. In the afternoon, she took her little chamois-skin purse and, creeping to her father's side, slipped it into his hand. "Take it, pa," she said, "for it is all I can do. I have decided not to go to college, and ma and I will work hard and help to make up the loss."

"It was n't your fault, dearie," he answered, rousing at this, "and I would n't take your small earnings if I could help it; but I must scrape and scratch together every penny to pay the interest. I had so counted on being free of part of my burden to-morrow, and can't deny it is a great blow, S'manthy — a great blow!"

"Poor pa! — he looks ten years older than he did on Saturday," thought the girl as she watched him off to the fields on Monday; and so worn out was she by the nerve strain that three o'clock found her sitting idly on the porch with her hands folded dejectedly in her lap. The cockatoo swung overhead whistling softly to herself; Gumbo was perched not far off, on an old hollow stump of a tree round which Samantha had tried to train some vines; while Mr. Pettijohn leaped on her knee and, as though divining her mood, licked her hand with a warm, sympathetic little tongue.

"Oh, Petty, Petty, why do such dreadful, unnecessary accidents have to happen!" she wailed, and cuddled the dog in her arms until he grew restless and went to stir up Gumbo, when the two were soon engaged in a good-natured frolic on the lawn.

Presently, the monkey raced across the grass waving something in his paw while Pettijohn pranced after, snapping at the fluttering object, which Samantha dreamily fancied must be a leaf. He caught it in his teeth, there was a

short, sharp tussle, and then the terrier came capering back to the porch and laid his prize at the maiden's feet. Mechanically Samantha picked it up; but the next instant she started from her seat with a low, stifled cry, for she held the half of a badly soiled and torn banknote.

Where could it have come from? But even while she was wondering, mischievous Gumbo stole slyly up, snatched it from her fingers, and was off again with Pettijohn at his heels. Taking flying leaps, he flew to his favorite stump, where he stuffed the "bone of contention" deep down in its hollow interior and then turned upon his rival with a triumphant chuckle, as much as to say, "No, you don't, sir!"

Trembling from excitement, Samantha followed her unruly charges and drove them away, while her heart seemed to cease beating as she explored what was evidently Master Gumbo's store-closet. A nibbled ear of corn was first produced, next a plaid cotton handkerchief suspiciously like Minty's turban; a partly eaten apple, and then, oh, joy of joys! she drew forth a roll of greenbacks, the very bills so carefully hidden in the old oven and mourned as lost! In speechless astonishment she pinched herself to see if she was awake, believing it altogether too good to be true; and yet, after all, it was extremely easy to understand. She well knew Gumbo's exploring and thievish habits, and, undoubtedly, while Araminta was preparing the oven to receive her light, flaky loaves, he had investigated it, as was his wont, and upon discovering the money, had borne it off to his chosen hiding-place for stolen goods.

"Gumbo 's been stealin'! Gumbo's been stealin'! Naughty Gum-

bo!" shrieked Fatima, as the happy damsel danced toward the house, holding the precious roll aloft.

"Yes, thank heaven he has!" responded Samantha, rushing into the arms of her father, who appeared at that moment; "and what is more, I would like to hug him for it."

"And so would I!" declared Mr. Tuft, when he had heard the story—"though, really, the little rascal deserves a sound whipping."

He did not get it, however, but instead was so feasted and petted by Samantha that the now laughing farmer told her she "ought not to reward wickedness in that fashion."

"I don't care," she retorted recklessly. "The poor little fellow does n't know any better, and I am sure he has saved us from a terrible misfortune. But," she added slowly, "it will be a relief when Gumbo goes home to his mistress, though I should love to keep Pettijohn for ever and ever."

The bills were found to be all right, with the exception of the one chewed and torn by the monkey and dog in their gambols. The half of the mortgage was paid off only one day later than her father had expected; and September saw Samantha the brightest, blithest college girl in all Homeville. Indeed, Mrs. Tuft—whose mother eventually recovered—returned to be rarely proud of her young daughter, who looked so pretty and womanly in her first long dress of navy blue, and a becoming turban crowning her neat braids; while she often boasted that "the girl had turned out as good a housekeeper as she was a student," and liked to tell how Samantha had

earned her trim tailor-made suit and traveling expenses by her "summer boarders."





## AT SCHOOL A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

It is a pleasant thing to go to school in this year of grace, 1896. It is a moderately pleasant thing even to go to boarding-school, unless one is hopelessly homesick, and I have the less hesitation in saying this, because I know so many boys and girls who will agree with me. But there was a time—a time not so very, very long ago—when the “hardships of school” was not a fancy phrase, as it is now, to be used effectively in the Christmas holidays, but when it had a real significance for the unlucky little students who were learning what hardship meant.

Only sixty years have passed since the boys of Eton ventured to beg that pipes might be laid in some of the school buildings so that they need not fetch water from the pumps in the freezing winter weather, and the petition was promptly rejected, with the scornful comment that “they would be wanting gas and Turkey carpets next!” At Winchester, another big English school, all the lads had to wash in an open yard called “Moab,” where half-a-dozen tubs were ranged around the wall, and it was the duty of one of the juniors to go from tub to tub on frosty mornings, and thaw the ice with a candle. Comfort was deemed a bad thing for boys, lest they should grow up dainty and unmanly. “Cold?” said Dr. Keate, a famous head-master of Eton, to a poor little bit of humanity whom he met shivering and shaking in the hall. “Don’t talk to me of being cold! You must learn to bear it, sir! You are not at a girls’ school!”

But if he had been at a girls’ school, I doubt

whether the child would have found himself much warmer. Fires, in our great-grandmothers’ time, especially in England, where the winters are less biting than with us, were held to be luxuries more fitting for old age than for youth. Mrs. Sherwood, who lived about seventy years ago, and wrote stories which all little boys and girls used to read, tells us that when she was young she was never permitted to come near the fire, though it blazed brightly away in the family sitting-room. Indeed, the discipline under which she was reared at home was so exceedingly severe that school seemed by comparison a place of pastime and relaxation.

Mothers were then especially anxious that their little daughters should carry themselves properly, and grow up straight and tall. To accomplish this good end, Mrs. Sherwood, from the time she was six until she was thirteen, wore a backboard strapped over her shoulders, and, worse still, an iron collar around her neck, forcing her to hold her chin high in the air. This instrument of torture was put on every morning, and seldom taken off until late in the afternoon. Moreover, she learned and recited all her lessons standing in stocks to turn her toes out. She was not allowed to sit down in her mother’s presence, and for breakfast, dinner, and supper she enjoyed an unvarying monotony of bread and milk. Nevertheless, she seems to have been a cheerful and contented little girl; and when the dreadful collar was removed she used to manifest her wild delight by running as hard as ever she could for half a mile or more through her father’s beautiful



grounds. No wonder that, when sent as a boarder to a famous French school called the Abbey School, she thought it the height of luxury to be awakened at daybreak, and permitted to breakfast near the fire on buttered toast and tea. In fact, she always writes of the Abbey as if it were the abode of perpetual and rather hurtful gaiety; though all we can learn from her letters is that the older girls were allowed to visit and receive their friends, that they had a dance at Christmas time, and that they acted occasionally "The Good Mother," by Madame de Genlis, and other French plays of a very grave and serious character.

It was not in this joyous fashion, however, that school presented itself to another, and far brighter, little girl, Mary Fairfax, who was born over a hundred years ago, and who afterward became Mrs. Somerville and one of the most learned women in England. Mary was fortunate enough to live the first ten years of her life by the seashore, the happiest, wildest, shyest child that ever played all day long on the yellow sands, and made huge collections of shells, and weeds, and pebbles, and other treasures brought her as playthings by the waves. When it rained, and her mother would not permit her to run out, she read over and over again the three books which formed her library—"The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress." Now and then her father, who was an officer in the English navy, came home from sea; and finding his little daughter as ignorant as a child could be, he made her read aloud to him every morning a chapter of Hume's "History of England." This was all her education until she was ten years old, when, one dreadful day, her parents sent her to a boarding-school, a small and very expensive boarding-school kept by Miss Primrose, who was so stately and so severe that her pupils used to say they never saw her smile. Thanks to the healthy, outdoor life she had always led, little Mary was straight and strong as a young Indian, but that did not save her from the ingenious tortures designed for stooping children, and which she describes for us in her memoirs.

"A few days after my arrival I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back

till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger children had to prepare our lessons."

Think of it, you luxurious little people who prepare *your* lessons lolling on rocking-chairs, nestling in sofa corners, or lying comfortably on warm hearth-rugs before cheerful fires! Think of studying a whole page of Johnson's dictionary every day, spelling, definitions, even the very position of each word in the long columns, and all the while unable to lean backward or forward, or turn your head from side to side—unable even to see what the girl next to you was doing! That was a discipline which must have made home and the dear shining oceansands a picture of Paradise, of Paradise Lost, to poor, tired, timid Mary Fairfax. And the worst of it was, she learned so little at Miss Primrose's school that, when she escaped for her first holidays, she covered herself with disgrace by writing *bank-knot* for bank-note, and was severely scolded for being so idle, and wasting such golden opportunities. She was taught to sew, however, very neatly, and in after years she grew so passionately fond of study, of real, hard, severe, uncompromising study, that it was necessary, when she was fifteen, to take away her candles, so that she might not sit up half the night over her books. Even then she used to arise at daybreak, wrap herself in a blanket,—not being allowed a fire,—and work away at Algebra and Latin until breakfast time. She wrote a number of valuable works on scientific subjects, and she lived to be ninety-two years old, proving that neither hard schools nor hard study are certain to shorten our days.

Miss Edgeworth, that beloved Maria Edgeworth, who has given us some of the best stories ever written for children, and whose shabby, well read volumes were the treasures of old-fashioned nurseries, has told us many things about her early life at school. She was only eight years old when she was first sent away from home, a shy and timid little girl, but too docile and intelligent to be unhappy, even amid strange surroundings. She was taught to sew and embroider very prettily, and to write a neat

clear hand which was destined to be much admired. There is a prim little letter sent by her to her father, in which she says:

"School now seems agreeable to me. I have begun French and dancing, and intend to make great improvement in everything I learn. I am sure it will give you satisfaction to know that I am a good girl."

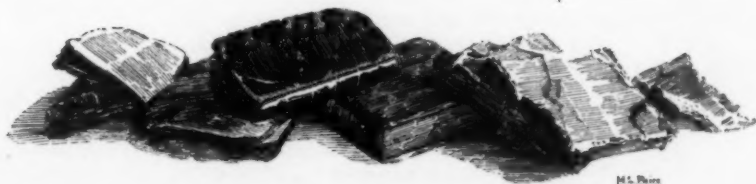
Her real troubles began when she was taken away from this simple, homelike place—where her hardest task had been to work a white satin waistcoat for her father—and sent to a fashionable establishment in London. She was then eleven years old, a small, delicate child, with stooping shoulders, and her appearance gave great displeasure to her teachers. The work of improvement was started at once, and in good earnest. Every day she was strapped to the backboard until she ached all over. Every day the iron collar—that favorite instrument of discomfort—was fastened under her chin. Every day she swung the dumb-bells until her hands could hold them no longer. It is hardly surprising that under this strenuous discipline, from which nothing but the rack appears to have been omitted, school no longer seemed agreeable to the little girl. She lost her gaiety, and moped in quiet corners, reading, or pining for her Irish home and the younger children who filled it merrily; for Miss Edgeworth had more step-brothers and step-sisters than ever fell to the lot of authoress before or since, and she loved every one of them dearly all her life.

Have I written enough about the miseries you might have suffered if you had lived in your great-grandmother's day? Would you like to hear of somebody who really had a good time when she was a child, and whose splendid

high spirits neither study nor discipline could daunt? Then read for yourselves the delightful papers in which Miss Mitford describes for us her school-life in London just one hundred years ago. Few things more amusing than these "Early Recollections" have ever been told in print. We know everybody in that school as intimately as Mary Mitford knew them in the year 1796. The English teacher who was so wedded to grammar and arithmetic—Mary hated to study; the French teacher whom she both loved and feared, who had a passion for neatness, and used to hang around the children's necks all their possessions found out of place, from dictionaries and sheets of music to skipping-ropes and dilapidated dolls; the school-girls who came from every part of England and France; above all, the school plays—"The Search after Happiness," which they were permitted to act as a great treat, because Miss Hannah More had written it. If you know nothing about "The Search after Happiness" you have no real idea how dull a play can be. Four discontented young ladies go forth to seek "Urania," whose wisdom will teach them to be happy. They meet "Florella," a virtuous shepherdess, who leads them to the grove where Urania lives. Here they are kindly received, and describe all their faults at great length to their hostess, who sends them brimful of good advice to their respective homes. Think of a lot of real school-girls acting such a drama, and speaking to each other in this sedate and meritorious fashion!—

"With ever new delight we now attend  
The counsels of our fond maternal friend."

Yet these girls did it, and enjoyed it, too, grateful for even this demure amusement, a hundred years ago.



M. S. Davis

# "Upon a Dull & Cloudy Day"

By Margaret Johnson

"The little  
brown shoe-  
maker bent  
his elbow  
on his knee."



UPON a dull and cloudy day,  
So drear were wold and town,  
The merchant grumbled in his shop,  
The shepherd on the down.

The little tailor, scowling, stitched  
Cross-legged upon his bench.  
The locksmith bent his surly brows,  
And scolded at his wrench.

The little schoolma'am, frowning, bade  
The restless bairns be still.  
The doctor at his mortar moped,  
And mixed a bitter pill.

Among his dim and dusty books  
The weary student sighed.  
The baby in its cradle turned,  
And tossed its arms, and cried.

The little brown shoemaker bent  
His elbow on his knee;  
"The world's awry. The sun is gone.  
The wind is east," said he.

*And little Floss went by with cheeks aflame,  
And sang a little song without a name.  
Her voice was very sweet, oh, sweet and shrill!  
A child she was, and blithe, and knew no ill.  
And down the street she piped, without a word,  
Her heart's sheer gladness, clear as any bird,  
And sang (nor knew nor cared if any heard)  
And sang and sang until she crossed the hill.  
And after she had passed, I know not where,  
Her song went ringing on through all the air.*

The little tailor, smiling, stitched  
Cross-legged upon his bench.  
The locksmith hummed a surly tune  
Above his busy wrench.



The schoolma'am kissed the smallest child  
That to her knee had crept;  
The baby in its cradle cooed,  
Forgot to cry, and slept.

The student seized his pen, and wrote  
Grave words of wisdom ripe;  
The doctor sugar-sheathed his pill,  
The shepherd tuned his pipe.

The little brown shoemaker tapped  
The boot upon his knee.  
"The sun is coming out again —  
The wind has changed," said he.



## THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Began in the November number.*]

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### A FOOT-RACE FOR FREEDOM.

EZRA the Armorer had long since returned from his first visit to the Cave of Adullam. He had afterward made other visits, and had included in his errands other places as wild and as deeply hidden among the cavernous ridges of Eastern Judea. His wish was to attract attention as little as possible. He could not forget his first warning from Regulus, the centurion who had commanded in Samaria at the time he and Cyril fled from that city. Whenever near Joppa, one of his comforts was to talk with Lois and her friends about Cyril, and to bring them tidings concerning the work and the followers of Jesus of Nazareth. The Galilean Teacher was now known throughout the land, and through wide regions of the adjoining countries. It was said that the pilgrims who had come to Jerusalem to attend the feasts, since his ministry began, already numbered several millions, and that they had carried away with them his marvelous sayings, and accounts of his more than human power, to the remotest corners of the inhabited earth.

Of course great numbers of them had been from Rome, and the name of Jesus of Nazareth was known even in the palace of the Emperor; but the Roman rulers were convinced there was no danger in him, so far as they were concerned.

Cyril's week of preparation went quickly by; but he had made the most of it. It seemed to him that he had never felt better than he did one morning—it was on a first day of the week—when he was marched out with a gang of nearly fourscore others, to see how many of them were really fit to run for a prize in the presence of the Roman people and the august ruler of the Roman Empire.

"Run thy swiftest, thou son of Ezra," said Crispus. "I have no fear for thee. Run thou like Asahel, or the scourge awaits thy return."

Cyril had no thought of failure. He said to himself, as they gathered at the starting line:

"I am so sorry for them. Almost all of them will be scourged."

There was none to protest, for most of them were bondsmen.

The word was given, and off went the racers.

One man had quickly mounted one of the horses held in waiting, and now cantered briskly along with the runners. He was a Roman, he wore his toga thrown over his arm, and he seemed to be watching the runners.

Away went Cyril, as light of foot as a wild roe, and the horseman was compelled to spur his nag, which was a somewhat heavy steed.

There were cheers from some voices behind; but Cyril knew not what it was for. He had seen a number of noble Romans at the stand, and among them was the Valerianus who had so savagely threatened him.

On, on, on, around the circus oval, and still the rider urged his horse; but no other runner was near them as they returned to the starting-line, for Cyril was six good paces ahead.

"Most noble Tallienus," came with a sneering laugh from the lips of Valerianus, "thou hast need of a better horse if thou art to beat my Syrian panther. I will wage thee a hundred sesteria he wins the race against thy Athenian."

"Taken! Apollos can beat him!" shouted Tallienus, angrily. Meanwhile Cyril stood awaiting further orders, hardly knowing that he had done anything remarkable, until he was bidden, in a low voice, by Crispus:

"Get thee in, my lad! I am proud of thee! Israel against the world, after all, and this race will be Galilee against Græcia!"



Even the hard heart of the apostate Jew who had forgotten the Law retained some national pride—the brother of Rabbi Isaac was still a Galilean.

Cyril knew the Greek runner who was supposed to be his rival. He had even spoken with him, but they were now kept apart, by order of the prefect of the games, and no other public trial of speed was permitted until the day of the races.

There was a great show for the people of Rome, but none of the men who were to strive in the arena were allowed to witness other performances. Like the lions and tigers, they were kept in their dens until the hour came to send them out. Then, indeed, hundreds were to go out to die, but the mere trials of speed of foot came on before the more barbarous combats.

Just before the hour for Cyril's race, the owners of slaves who were to run, and certain men of distinction, were admitted to the rooms where the runners were gathered. Among them were several whom Cyril had seen before, and he was soon aware that most of them favored Apollos. The tall, finely formed young Greek, half a head taller than Cyril, did, indeed, seem to promise speed. So did a number of others, but the son of Ezra had been studying them during their training, and believed most of them to be overrated by their partizans. He had somehow formed a liking for Apollos, and now it made him sick at heart to hear Tallienus say unfeelingly to his noble-looking bondsman:

"I promised thee thy freedom if thou wert among the first four. Now, I tell thee, if thou art not there, I will slay thee. If thou art only there, I will give thee a prize. But if thou wilt win the race I will free thee and thy father's family, and will also give thee back thy confiscated estate at Athens."

Apollos heard in silence, but his face was of an ashy pallor as he glanced toward Cyril.

"Valerianus speaks to thee," said Crispus at that moment, and Cyril turned to look into the cruel face of the haughty Roman.

"The second prize is five sesteria," said Valerianus. "If thou win but that, thou wilt with it win the scourge, and manacles, and thy hammer in the quarries. So run thy best and remember thou must win the first prize!"

The hot blood flushed the forehead of the young Jew, but his lips closed tightly, and at that very moment the summoning trumpet sounded at the door opening into the arena.

Four ranks of runners marched out, ten men in each rank, each man's place being decided by lot, by a number drawn from a box.

The amphitheater was enormous. All around the oval sandy level of the arena the seats rose, tier after tier, and from them eighty thousand spectators were looking down in eager expectation. Cyril hardly saw them, although the Emperor himself was there, and all the splendid array of the richest people of Rome itself, with kings and nobles and chiefs from all the world tributary to Rome. For one moment he was thinking and he was listening. He and Apollos were side by side, in the foremost rank, and he heard the Greek boy murmur:

"Mother—father—my brethren and my sisters—if I win not their freedom, I hope Tallienus will slay me!"

Cyril did not turn to look at him, for he was thinking:

"The first prize or the quarries—I *must* win, or I shall not be with Jesus of Nazareth when he enters Jerusalem."

The trumpet sounded again from near where the Emperor sat, and the racers were off, all together. Not one of them but was a good runner, and there were several smaller prizes; but the race was little more, after all, than an occasion for gambling to the dissipated, corrupt, idle populace of Rome. It was evil, evil, evil, like all the other games of the Roman circus!

A splendid runner was Apollos, and he shot ahead with a great bound that called forth plaudits from the spectators. Close behind him, quickly, came several others, but before the runners were a third of the way around the arena one of these tripped and fell, and another fell over him.

"They will be scourged!" thought Cyril. "More than half the rest are behind me now. But the pace is too fast at the beginning."

Several more were shortly compelled to slacken their pace and Cyril passed them; but still, away in the front, with an elastic, springing step, the tall young Greek kept the lead.

"The Greek will win!" growled Valerianus

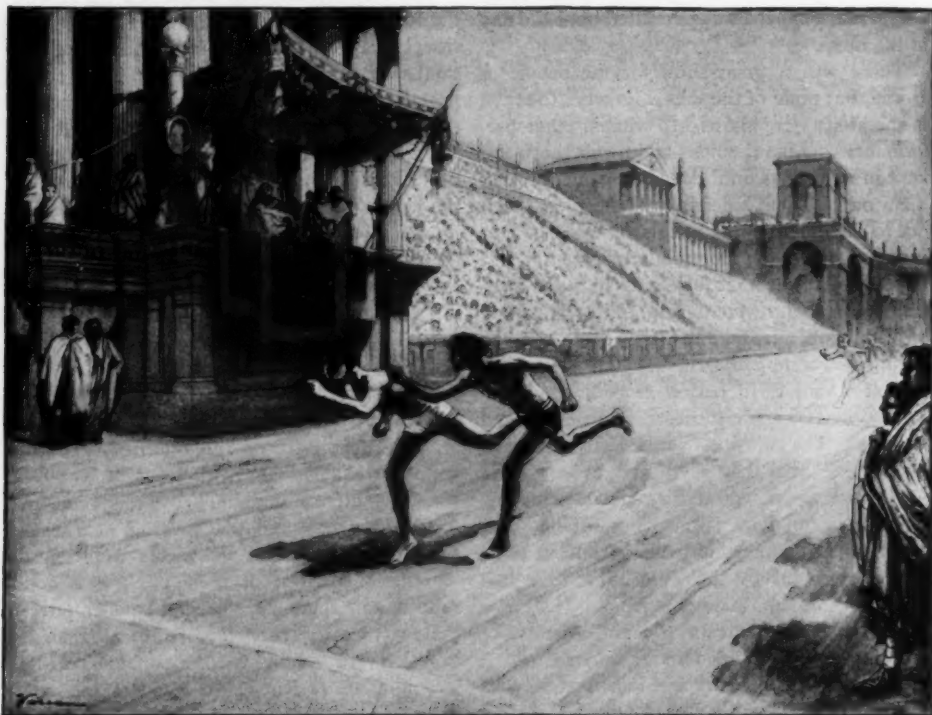
to Crispus, who sat beside him. The Greek is twenty paces ahead of thy Galilean. I will send him to the galleys!"

"Only ten paces now," said Crispus, calmly, after a few minutes. "O noble Valerianus, it is the last circuit that tells."

Just then the runners came nearer, and Va-

these two. Until that moment, Cyril had had no thought but of winning if he could; but suddenly he cast a swift glance at the face of Apollos. It was somewhat pale instead of flushed, and Cyril saw a look of terror, almost of agony, in his eyes.

"He is breathing with difficulty," thought



THE RACE IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATER — "WIN THOU, APOLLOS!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

lerianus was silent until they had passed. The race included one more complete round of the arena.

"All are out of the race but those two," muttered the noble Roman. "I shall lose half my fortune if that Jewish boy fails me. What! See—they are abreast! Bacchus! My Jew is winning!"

Not yet. There was still a long race before him, but he and Apollos ran side by side, and the circus rang with the loud applause of the multitude.

Other runners were not far behind, but it seemed evident that the first prize was between

Cyril, "and I shall beat him! But—he and his family will be slaves forever if I win!"

Cyril was ahead now, and the plaudits rang out again.

"Thy sestertia are safe," said Crispus to Valerianus.

"I will slay that Greek!" hissed Tallienus.

Cyril heard a gasping cry as Apollos put forth all his remaining strength, for they were nearing the goal.

"I can give him his freedom!" flashed into the mind of Cyril. "They may slay him—or me. Shall I?"

Then it was as if he heard certain words,—

but in truth he only remembered,— words he had heard the Master say long ago, upon the mount in Galilee. Cyril could not have told his thought, but in the next moment he spoke in Greek to Apollos:

"Win thou, Apollos! Jesus of Nazareth has bidden me to set thee free!"

Cyril had to slacken his speed, for the Greek was beginning to falter.

One moment more, and they were over the line, with Apollos the winner by only half a pace!

How the amphitheater rang with the shouts, as the two who had distanced all the rest were led before the Prefect of the games to receive their prizes! Tallienus was there, and he at once loudly proclaimed his promise to Apollos, and his purpose to keep it. Valerianus was not there; but Crispus stood by the prefect with a darkening face, and he spoke low to Cyril in Hebrew as the little bag of gold which was the second prize was handed to the Jewish runner.

"Thou didst well. There is no fault to be found with thee. But get thee hence! I have ordered them to pass thee at the gates. Betake thyself to Ostia!—and that with speed! Take any ship that sails this day, no matter whither bound. If thou art found in Rome at sunset, thou art at the mercy of Valerianus. Belt thy prize under thy tunic, that none may know it is with thee. Nay, speak not again to me! Go! Go! It is for thy life!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

THE autumnal months were beautiful along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean; the people of Joppa said that never before had their gardens been so lovely or so fruitful. But as the long weeks went by without any word from her brother, it seemed to Lois as if there was no joy in the world.

Ezra the Swordmaker was cheerful whenever he came to see his daughter, but even he grew gloomy when the winter followed autumn and wore away, and he knew not what had become of his only son. All he could say to Lois was:

"Cyril promised to return in time for the Passover, and if he is alive he will keep his word."

The spring returned, and the gardens of Joppa were one flush of flowers and fruit-blossoms, but neither message nor letter came from Cyril.

Tidings came from Galilee both to Ezra and to Abigail, and many others also seemed to have good reasons for believing, that Jesus of Nazareth purposed being in Jerusalem at the Passover. At the same time it was known that the enmity toward him among the high priests and scribes and Pharisees was becoming embittered.

Nearer and nearer came the April days set apart for the great feast, and Lois found herself more than ever inclined to go often up to the roof of Tabitha's house, and gaze out upon the sea. There were always sails in sight, and one of them might belong to the ship which was bringing Cyril home.

One evening of the first week of the Passover month, Lois was still upon the roof gazing upon the sea. A gale was blowing, and the waters were all one toss of white-capped billows.

She was not the only anxious watcher that night, for even after the shadows deepened so that the white caps themselves were hardly visible, a tall, vigorous man was walking to and fro along the shore. There were others upon the shore, but he was walking alone.

"It has always been a terrible place for wrecks," he said. "Fleets have gone down off the coast of Joppa. But Cyril must be very near us now. The Master will come to this Passover, and I pray that my son may meet him with me."

Ezra could not leave the shore, but Lois gave up her vigil on the roof. It was so dark that the ships could not be seen.

That, indeed, was one great peril of the ships, for they could no longer see each other. Neither could they be easily steered in such a storm. Hardly had Lois left the roof before there was, far out on the water, a sound she could not hear. It lasted for only a few moments, and then the gale roared on more loudly than before.

There had come first a terrible crash. One

of the ships, driven by the fierce wind, was borne down upon another with all the strength of the great billow that carried it. Then came shrieks and cries of men and women; for both ships were shattered in the collision, and the sea was quickly dotted with the heads of struggling swimmers.

There were fewer soon, for now and then one of them seized frantically upon another, so that both sank.

Cyril was one of the passengers. He had clung to a piece of plank at the moment when the vessels came together. He had been standing at the prow of the foremost ship, peering out into the gloom.

He was a good swimmer, and had instinctively swum apart from the rest. In only a few minutes he believed himself to be alone, and he said aloud:

"Can I land through the surf?"

"Help!" shouted a loud voice near him. "Hast thou a float?"

"Come!" said Cyril. "I have one."

Soon a second pair of hands were on the plank, but it would not have supported the two men unless both had been strong swimmers. As it was, two were better than one to propel it to the land.

"I am Simon," said the newcomer. "I am of Cyrene. Our craft was full of Passover pilgrims, and of all on board I think I alone am left."

Cyril gave his own name, and then added:

"After we sailed from Byzantium, I found I was on a pirate vessel. The pirates captured three merchant vessels, and our ship was full of slaves, for all the captives were to be sold in Africa. They meant to sell me, too. But I hoped to escape, for they spoke of touching at Joppa."

"Save thy strength," said Simon. "I sailed from Cyrene in the hope of seeing Jesus, the prophet of Galilee, at the Passover. I think yet that I shall see and hear him. There's a light! Swim with all thy strength!"

"I know him thou callest the prophet of Galilee," Cyril exclaimed as he followed Simon's advice. "He is the King!"

Cyril was swimming his best, and Simon was a large, powerful man. Their vigorous

strokes sent the plank yet faster through the water.

"Beware of the surf!" cried Simon, and that indeed was their danger as they neared the shore.

Perhaps they could hardly have overcome it, had no help been near; but the loud, clear voice of Simon made itself heard through the sound of the breakers. Then men came hurrying along the sand, for the Joppa people were used to wrecks and to rescuing those who came ashore.

"A rope!" shouted Simon, but even as he spoke, a long line with a stone at the end of it came flying across the plank.

"Only a slinger could have hurled that," thought Cyril, as he caught it; and the moment he and Simon made it fast, the Cyrenian hailed the shore with, "Pull!" and the life-line drew them in.

"Oh, if it were but my son!" exclaimed Ezra, trying to peer through the darkness.

"Father! I am here!"

Loud voices joined in Ezra the Armorer's cry of gladness and thanksgiving; but some of the men thanked Jupiter, and Neptune, and Mercurius, and even Isis, as well as Jehovah, the God of the Jews—for, along the coast near Joppa, there were many men from many lands.

Cyril was soon rested sufficiently to walk, and he and his father went up the hill together, into the city. As for Simon, the big and burly Cyrenian said a hearty farewell to his young companion, and was then led away in a kind of triumph by a squad of Greek and Sidonian sailors, who said that Neptune had made them a present of him.

Neither the Swordmaker nor his son found much to say on their way to the house. Nor was Lois talkative for a while after her joyful greeting. But, after that, the lamps in Tabitha's large front room burned out and were filled again, and a second time burned low, before any of them tired of hearing the story of Cyril's adventures, out in the world beyond the sea. It was long enough before he came to his escape from Ostia, the seaport of Rome, from the wrath of the disappointed gambler, Valerianus.

"As Crispus bade me," said Cyril, "I took passage on a ship just casting off at the pier.

She was bound for Massilia, in Gaul, and she made a quick voyage; but before we got there she was sold to some Phenicians who were going to the island of Britain, after tin. I knew I would be safer with them, and so I went. I worked hard, for she was a trireme and I took my turn with the rowers to save money and to keep the men from thinking I had any."

He told of many places passed on the voyage, and then he said:

"So we sailed out, between the pillars of Hercules, into the great ocean, with the war-galleys of the Roman general Demetrius—"

"Thou hast seen the further ocean?" Ezra demanded. "Solomon's ships, and Hiram's of Tyre, went there. Go on! Thou art the better fitted to be a servant of the King!"

"We passed the cape at the end of the world and sailed away across the sea until we reached the harbor and town of Londinium, in Britain," said Cyril. "But I did not feel safe except upon the sea, and besides, I had no time to lose. So I sailed back, in another ship, to Malta—"

"Oh, where hast thou not been?" exclaimed Lois, gazing up into his face, admiringly. "Thou hast seen the whole world."

Not many Jewish boys had seen so much of it, certainly; for Cyril went on to tell of his drifting here and there, until he reached Byzantium and made a last effort to return to Joppa and Jerusalem.

"I think I should not be here," he said, at last, "if it had not been for the storm, and for Simon of Cyrene."

"Sleep, now," said his father. "On the morrow we must all set out for Jerusalem. We shall be there in good season. Verily, the God of our fathers, thine own God, has been with thee through all the way by which he has led thee, and he has brought thee back to me in peace! Glory to his name, forever! Amen!"

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### IN JERUSALEM.

THREE days after Cyril's arrival at Joppa, Ezra the Swordmaker stood just outside of the Jericho gate of Jerusalem, as the sun rose on the first day of the week.

"We must set out at once," said Ezra, "for the messenger told me that the Master rested on the Sabbath at Bethany. He will reach the city to-day."

"He is really coming?" asked Lois, looking earnestly away down the road from Jericho. "How glad I shall be to see him again, and hear him speak."

Cyril said nothing, but his eyes were flashing, and his sunburned, handsome face wore a warlike expression. He was far taller now, and far stronger, than when he hurled stones at the Roman soldier, across the swift torrent of the Kishon.

Lois eagerly tripped forward along the shaded highway. Village joined to village so closely that it all was really a part of Jerusalem, though outside of the gated walls. They had not walked very long before Cyril remarked:

"This is Bethphage. I must go to the Cave of Adullam soon, and select a sword."

"The time is at hand," said his father. "Many swords are ready. This is to be a week of great events. I think there has been no other like it."

At that very hour the Master was walking toward them, along the road from Jericho, pausing, as he walked, to open the eyes of the blind and to heal those who were sick. And on the way he told those with him of the things that were to come to pass before the sun should set upon another first day of the week. It was to be his own day, thenceforward, and all of them would then remember and would tell one another how he had talked of these things before they came to pass.

Ezra and his party had entered the village, and all the road behind them and all the way before was full of people, for there were many who had heard that the prophet of Galilee was coming.

"The street will soon be thronged," said Ezra. "They are taking those asses out of the way."

Two of these animals had been tethered before a villager's house; one of them was a full-grown colt. He was a large, fine-looking animal, such as brought a higher price than did most horses in the markets of Jerusalem, but



at that moment two men who had come up the road were untying him.

"Cyril!" exclaimed Lois. "Those are two of the Twelve—two of his disciples!" but before he could reply, somebody spoke from the door of the house:

"What do ye, loosing the colt?"

"The Master hath need of him," was the answer from the man who held the halter.

throng surrounding the Master, these offerings made a saddle. When mounted the animal seemed to need no bridle, but turned, and began to walk toward Jerusalem, carrying Jesus of Nazareth.

Close pressed the thousands who had already been following. Every village was adding new swarms of young and old. From the now open gates of Jerusalem poured out increasing multi-



THE SHIPWRECK.

Low bowed the speaker in the doorway, and the colt was taken.

"Come!" whispered Lois earnestly to Cyril. "We will follow them."

But Cyril was stepping forward toward one of the disciples, and had forgotten all else in the excitement of the moment. Off came his robe,—a new abba he had bought in Jerusalem the previous evening,—and he threw it over the back of the colt. Ezra and others did the same; and when, not many minutes later, the obedient animal was led through the

tudes. Slowly stepped the colt that required no guiding; and on the highest point of the road, as it went over the ridge of the Mount of Olives, the animal stood still, while his rider gazed long and wistfully at the splendors of the sunlit city.

"He is about to ride in," thought Cyril. "He will soon be crowned there, and he will reign over all the world. Even over great Rome! I wish I dared ask him, or one of the Twelve—" But at that moment he felt the hand of Lois on his arm, and her voice was hushed and awed as she murmured in his ear:

"Cyril! He is weeping."

Then he and all could hear the Master addressing the city in loud and earnest lamentations, as if foretelling some great woe that was shortly to come upon it. They heard, but they did not understand; and neither did Cyril, for he said to himself:

"Perhaps it is because there will be terrible fighting if the city should be taken. I expected that."

On moved the vast procession, and soon the feet of the colt did not touch the earth, because of the many abbas that were spread before him as he walked; and all the way was spread with fresh-leaved branches of palm-trees. Palms, too, were carried by those in advance and those who followed, and chorus after chorus of praise to God, of thanksgiving, and even of triumphant expectation of the new kingdom, arose like the songs and responses in the Temple in a day of national rejoicing. Among them all there was one in which Cyril joined most heartily:

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of Jehovah! Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest!"

It meant to him all that he had so long been dreaming; but he saw that the face of his father was clouded. He heard Ezra mutter:

"The Master said that the men who would take Jerusalem would not leave one stone upon another. Who then shall rebuild that he may reign there? I fear that there are dark days coming for Israel."

Many, even of the Pharisees, carried away by the torrent of the Nazarene's popularity, had gone out to meet him. It was from some of these that words of criticism came. They said to him, on the way, as they listened to the glad hosannas:

"Rabbi, rebuke thy disciples."

"I tell you," he replied, "that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

Louder and more exultingly rang the shouts of praise to God, and of honor to the "Son of David," the prophet who had at last come. The whole city seemed to be pouring out to meet him. On, on, on he rode, preceded and followed by the enthusiastic multitude through the

gates and the city streets to the very Temple itself.

Once more the outer court had been turned into a general market-place, but the Prophet of Galilee entered it now. He had no need to drive forth any of the dealers; his order for its cleansing was obeyed in haste.

"It is written," he said, "that my house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

It was of no use for Cyril to try to keep close by his King. Not only were the disciples there, but there came continually delegations of the most important men of the city. Still, as Cyril noticed, however great was the tumult and the enthusiasm, there was nothing hostile in it; nothing that at all disturbed the iron composure of the Roman guards stationed in and about the Temple.

Lois returned to the house of a friend of Tabitha, where she and Abigail were waiting for her; but Ezra and his son walked away together, toward the Pool of Siloam.

Until the close of the day, Jesus of Nazareth continued in the Temple, and all that he said or did was peaceful at the same time that he both defied and denounced the Chief Priests and the scribes and the Pharisees. When evening drew near, and before the gates were shut, he and the Twelve returned to Bethany.

It was not strange that the Roman governor, Pontius, "the spearman," turned away in careless indifference when reports came to him of what appeared a mere difference of opinion among the Jewish rabbis concerning some of their curious doctrines—of which he knew nothing whatever.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### BEFORE THE LAST PASSOVER.

THE whole city was moved when the shouting multitude marched up the Jericho road to Jerusalem, announcing the arrival of the great prophet of Nazareth. His bitterest enemies understood that at that hour they were powerless against him. The hearts and hopes of all the people were set upon him, and year after year his works had become better known. All over

the land, in cities and towns and hamlets, were large numbers of men and women whom he had helped to new health and life, while uncounted thousands had witnessed his good works and listened to his teachings.

But now, at last, the very summit of his power and popularity seemed to be reached, and from this time onward there seemed to his enemies to be a waning of public favor.

On the second day of the week, our Monday, the Master came in again from Bethany, and among those who met him before he reached the city were Ezra and Cyril, but there was now no throng, for his return had not been announced beforehand.

They went with him to the Temple. The directions he had given the previous day, for the clearing of the outer court, had been obeyed. The buyers and sellers with their merchandise had been expelled. The "Court of the Heathen" was once more a house of prayer for all nations. Here the Master sat down and taught, and the blind and the lame came to him and he healed them—but this was not at all what a great many of his following or even the patriotic multitude had led themselves to expect.

They came and lingered around him, and went away and came again. They heard what he said and they saw what he did, but even his denunciations of the Pharisees and Scribes puzzled them. Were not the priests still to officiate in the Temple, after the Messiah should come to rule the world? What, too, were those strange things that were said about the destruction of Jerusalem and of the Temple itself?

Darker and darker grew their difficulties from hour to hour. It greatly puzzled Cyril, who was losing something of faith and of enthusiasm. It was not so with Ezra, perhaps, because he was older and wiser; but Cyril noticed that his father was all the while in deep thought, and, at the close of that day, as they walked homeward, he said:

"My son, stay thou here, in the city. I go to the Cave, to see some of our friends, and I return at once. I will get thee a sword. I will not bring the King's sword, now, but thou and I may have need of weapons."

"Has the Master said anything?" asked Cyril.

"One of the Twelve told me," replied Ezra, "that he said, 'If I am lifted up, I will draw all men unto me,' but what he meant, I know not. Of this I am sure, that the God of Israel will tell him when to act and what to do."

"The time is at hand, then?" persisted Cyril.

"This, too, I do not understand," said his father. "He hath said that in his battle for the kingdom he must be slain, and the third day rise again. It is a deep saying, but I have seen him bring the dead to life. Whatever is to come must come."

So Ezra went away, and Cyril departed to have a talk with Lois, who was not at all troubled as were her father and brother. She had now to repeat to her brother something she had already told Abigail.

"Didst thou notice," she had said, "when we were in the Court of the Women, that the Master wore the abba we made in Capernaum, and the seamless vesture? I did, but I saw it upon him first when he was riding in on the colt."

Abigail had not failed to see, and she remarked:

"It was not our gift, Lois. I now know that the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and the other women, have continually ministered unto him from their own property."

Lois was silent, for she strongly felt that her own small hands had worked upon that abba, and she had been proud to see the Master wearing it.

There were many stories told, some of them very beautiful, of the Master's kindness to women and children, and Lois had treasured them all.

Cyril was now thinking of what his father had said to him, for Ezra was not only an old, experienced soldier but a Jew. "Jesus will be compelled to wait," Ezra had said. "He cannot attempt anything until after the Passover, and then not until after the Sabbath. Our best men would not rally on the feast-days nor on a Sabbath."

Cyril, therefore, was waiting wearily and impatiently. The Passover was not to be eaten until the fifth day of the week, or Thursday, at night. During the fourth day, nearly all day

long, Jesus continued in the Temple, teaching. It seemed to some who heard him that his words were more wonderful than ever before. In the morning hour, as he sat in the Court of the Women, opposite the treasury chests, into which many who came were casting their voluntary contributions, he had said of one poor woman, who gave only two small mites, that she had given more than all the rest. It was so hard to understand a great many of the things he said that Cyril had pressed nearer through the throng. Lois had followed until she and her brother were side by side.

He was now speaking again, and his voice seemed to fill the open spaces of the temple and to find its way to the ears of all the crowds that filled the porches and the courts. The voice was so powerful, so full of pathos and of pleading, that all other sounds were hushed. Could he be in pain?—in suffering? He certainly was not now speaking to the people, for he was looking upward.

"Lois—" said Cyril, but her hand on his arm silenced him, and she was gazing upon the face of the Master.

"Now is my soul troubled," they heard him cry out. "And what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name."

All through the Temple sounded the strange prayer of the Prophet of Galilee, and the people held their breath for a moment. Then came, through the corridor and porch and court, an utterance so wonderful that many cowered in sudden terror, exclaiming that it thundered, while those who were nearer said to one another: "An angel spoke to him!" for the words of the sound could both be heard and recorded: "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

"This voice came not because of me, but for your sakes," said Jesus; but, as he talked on, Cyril crept silently away, and so did many others. He had a frightened feeling that he could not bear to hear any more.

"Something great and terrible is surely com-

ing," he said to himself, "when the angels of God speak to us. Father must know."

It was not until evening that Ezra and Cyril met, according to their appointment, near the Pool of Siloam. Cyril had many things to tell, and his father heard him in silence; but, at the end of it all, he said:

"I reached the city hours ago, and I have been with the disciples. We must watch now. Herod has at last determined to slay him; so have the High Priests. They are the rulers of the people—"

"I am not with them!" sprang to the lips of Cyril. "I am not with the priests and rabbis. I am with the Christ, the King!"

Ezra rose to his feet.

"I also am with him," he answered; "but his enemies follow him closely."

"They will find out where he is to eat the Passover," said Cyril. "Then they can seize him and the Twelve. He must have chosen the place days ago, and many must know it."

"So I thought," replied Ezra; "but the Twelve said not so. Not until to-morrow will they or anybody else know where the Passover is to be eaten by Jesus of Nazareth. Only the Twelve will know even then, lest he should be betrayed to those who seek his life. They know, as well as we do, that after the Feast and the Sabbath he will be free to act."

So reasoned Ezra and his son, and so had reasoned and plotted the enemies of Jesus.

"We will eat our own Passover," said Ezra, finally, "and then we will go out and watch. I gave my own sword to Peter. He asked for it—he had none. The sword I had meant for thee I gave to Andrew. They will all the while be with him. We can go unarmed now; but the servants of the King should be ready with shield and blade upon the first day of the week. The Passover lamb must be slain, and after that he will enter into his kingdom."

So spoke the old swordmaker, and a great longing arose in Cyril's soul.

"We must wait," he said; "but I shall be ready to march with him when he calls for me, on the first day of the week."

(To be continued.)

## GOBOLINKS.

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

### THE GOBOLINK AND HOW TO MAKE HIM.

DROP a little ink on a sheet of white paper. Fold the sheet in the center and press the ink spots together with the fingers. All of the following pictures were made in this manner — none of them having been touched with a pen or brush.

A great deal of practice only shows that the Gobolink, as his name implies, is a veritable goblin of the ink-bottle. It is hardly to be expected that the animals and birds of prey referred to under more or less familiar names in the accompanying rhymes will be strikingly correct as to anatomy. In fact, the most unexpected and startling results will often occur — results grotesque and strangely beautiful, well worthy of preservation.

Now, some one has said, in a moment of spleen,  
We cannot make pictures of what we 've not seen;  
But such an assertion deserves only scorn,  
For the shape of the Gobolink never was born.  
He comes like the marvelous shades of our dreams,  
When one has been supping on salads and creams,  
And curious changes of vision take place —  
The horse may appear with an elephant face —  
The goat with a cane, and the goose with a hat —  
Six legs on the dog, and two tails on the cat;  
We never can tell, though we 're sorely perplexed,  
What shape will be shown us, or what will come next;  
And these are the things that our Gobolinks do —  
Dear friends, and dear children, we give them to you.



THE DRUM MAJOR.

A JOLLY little Major of the Drum,  
Behind him all the shadow people come,  
As he bravely leads the way  
For the Gobolink array  
With a bearing most important, and his uniform so gay;

Oh, it 's very plain to see that he 's the hero  
of the day,  
This jolly little Major of the Drum.

### A WHAT-IS-IT

THERE was an old man of high feather,  
Who said, "I can't really tell whether  
I 'm a man or a mouse,  
Or the roof of a house,  
So much may depend on the weather."





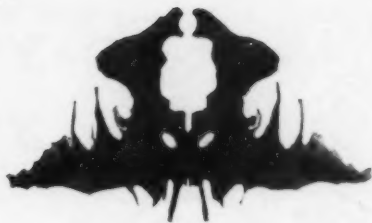
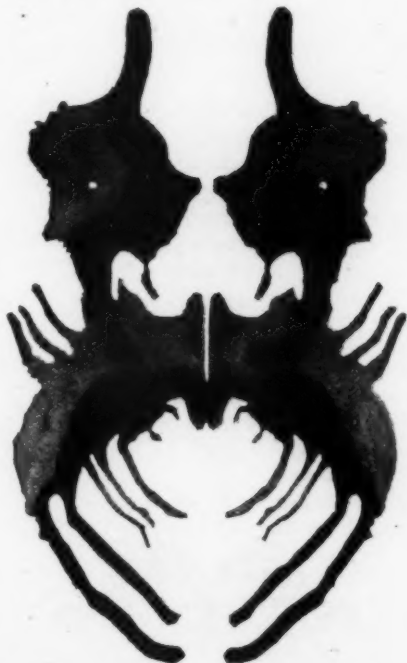


## STEEPLE MEN

Two funny old three-legged gnomes  
 Came out of their shadowy domes:  
 They made their salute  
 With a hand and a foot,  
 And then hurried back to their homes.

## THE SOMETHINGS

A SOMETHING met a Something  
 In the mists of Shadowland.  
 They ran against each other,  
 And came quickly to a stand.  
 "And who are you?" said Something One.  
 And Something Two, said he,  
 "That 's just the very question that  
 At once occurred to me."



## THE SHEET-AND-PILLOW PARTY

A PILLOW-CASE party the Gobolinks gave,  
 And it proved a right merry carouse:  
 But I'm sure you 'd have laughed at their  
 attitudes grave  
 As they made their ridiculous bows.



## THE JACK-O'-MY-GOBLIN

A TERRIBLE creature of Ink-bottle Land,  
 A Jack-o'-my-goblin is he.  
 The sea-urchins made him to place on the  
 sand,  
 And frighten the monsters that dwell on the  
 land.  
 They took a sea-pumpkin and carved it by  
 hand,  
 And lighted it up in their glee  
 With a phosphorus fish from the sea;  
 Now all the day long on the shore doth he  
 stand,  
 While Land-loodles terrified flee,  
 Oh, yes,  
 The terrified Land-loodles flee.



# Y' ROMAUNCE OF Y' OLDE NNE TYME

BY MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.

YT was ye knichte of ye oldenne tyme

Tellyth of ye  
knight.

Dyd love ye beauteous dayme;

Her forme was slym, her fayce was faire,  
Esmonda was her nayme.

Alsoe of hys  
ladye.

Butte wo untoe ye lover true;

For hys sterne father sayde,

"My sonne shalle wedde ane ladye proud,  
An notte ye countrie mayde."

An of hys  
syre's vowe.

Harde bye untoe ye castle dwelt

An dayme of high degree;

I wot she was naye slym nor faire,

Butte wealthie aye was she.

She hadde bayth lande an golde, forsooth,  
An palace rych beesyde.

Then spayke Sir Gundiebaye hys syre,

"Thys dayme shalle bee yr bryde."

Tellyng of ye  
syre hys choise.

One daye, when younge Sir Gundiebaye

Wente out toe hont ye deere,

Hee spyde hys gentyl ladye-love

Her swyne a-tending neare.

Her cheekes were lyke ye cherries redde,

Her haire was goulden-browne;

She wore uponne her gentyl hedde

An rose turned uppe-syde-downe!

Of hys ladye-  
love her ap-  
pearance.

"O hayste thee, love," cried Gundiebaye,

Ynne lowe butte earnest tone;

"Mye syre ys rydeyng fast beehynde,

An wee muste soone bee gone;

Hys noble men ryde at hys heel,

Thy ryval at hys toe;

O hayste thee, hayste thee, whyle wee maye—

Hee wyll notte see us goe."

Gundiebaye  
suggereth an  
elopemente.

Then out an blusht ye mayden gaye,

An sayde, wyth courtesie lowe,

"Sin that ye aske, Sir Gundiebaye,

I cannot welle saye noe."

Her acquies-  
cence.

They flee  
right speedilie.

Butte are  
scene.

Syne, hee has ta'en her on hys steede,  
An thro' th' woodes they flye,  
Butte notte before ye courtlie dayme  
Their course hadde tyme toe spye.

An bestrayed.

An honted.

"Nowe hayste ye, hayste ye, noble Sir!  
Y' sonne has fledde, I ween,  
Wyth ane poore cuntrye damsel, when  
Hee mighte have hadde a queene."  
Ye word ys spayke, ye bugles blowne,  
Toe boote an horse—away!  
They muste bringe back, ere sette of sunne  
Ye younge Sir Gundiebaye.

An mishappe  
befalleth ye  
syre.

When lo!—a wonder come toe pass!  
Ye swyne left bye ye waye,  
Wroth at their mistress' leewe, throng'd round  
The syre of Gundiebaye.  
Regardless of hys sterne-voict "Scat!"  
An of hys noble bloode,  
They vext hys horse, untill hee threw  
Hym cleene off in ye mudde!

Hys difficul-  
ties adhere toe  
hym.

Wherat soe wrathy was ye syre  
Hee should soe meenelie fare,  
Hys princely dignitie was shockt  
Welnye beyonde repayre.  
Fayne wood hee have dyslodg'd hys feete,  
Fayne chang'd hys garments wette,  
Still dyd hee styck—for aught I noe  
Hee maye bee stuck there yet!

Tellyng of ye  
lover and hys  
mayde.

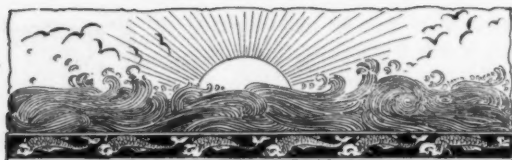
Howe faires yt wyth ye knight an dayme  
Aye bolde that fledde that daye?  
Together doe they safely byde  
Yn a havenne bye ye waye.

And wys-  
hng them joy.

Ye guests are gone, ye vows be sayde,  
Ye priest has ta'en hys fee,  
Ye bryde an groom, O maye they live  
Full longe an happilie!

YE FINIS.





## JOSEPH FRANCIS.

By W. S. HARWOOD.

JOSEPH FRANCIS was born ninety-five years ago in the city of Boston. He died three years ago near Cooperstown, New York, an aged man, one who had done much for the cause of humanity in the long period of his life.

I wonder how many of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* know who Joseph Francis was, what he did to become one of the noblest characters in modern history, what it is that makes him one of the famous Americans of the century?

In the summer of 1893 at the Columbian Exposition, I had occasion, when in the great Government Building, to look up some models of inventions by Mr. Francis, for he was one of the most remarkable inventors of America. I asked one of the Columbian guards—a body of clear-headed young men for the most part, college students, many of them—I asked him where I could find the Francis exhibit. The guard did not know who Mr. Francis was or what he had done for the world. I asked another and another and yet another, in various parts of the building, and with the same unsatisfactory results. Even middle-aged persons who were in charge of departments in various parts of the Government Building had never heard of him.

Joseph Francis was the inventor of the life-car for saving people from shipwreck, was the founder of the Life Saving Service of the United States and other nations, a service which has been the means of rescuing thousands of men and women who have faced death in one of its most terrible forms—and was the inventor of over a score of life-saving or life-protecting appliances. Others who have been interested in the same line of work have added to his inventions, and have perfected and improved appliances for the saving of human life; but

to this man alone belongs the honor—an honor which his own nation did not accord until after he received noble recognition in foreign lands—of being, as he loved to call himself, “The Father and Founder of the Life Saving Service of the United States.”

When a small boy, he lived on the sea-coast of Massachusetts; and it must have been that he had an unusually powerful mind for a little boy, and a remarkably keen appreciation of the dangers of the sea, for it was a singularly heroic resolve in one so very young to give up his life to saving the lives of others. At twelve years of age he had made a life-boat, the first real life-boat for the rescue of shipwrecked people, so it is believed, in the history of the world. He made it as most coast rowboats are made, save that he adjusted a lot of floats to the interior of the bow and stern in such a way as to give it great buoyancy.

And so, in boyhood, he had begun the work with which he was closely associated for over three quarters of a century, a work whose results have entitled him to a monument as splendid as any ever erected to the memory of a benefactor of the race.

The boat which he made was a rude, rough affair, but proved its seaworthiness on its first trial. Even when full of water, it would safely support four grown men, the buoyancy of the floats making it impossible to sink the boat by any ordinary means.

The boy was poor; he had neither father nor mother; he had no powerful friends; he had no capital but his health and his brains; and yet he had something better than wealth, better than powerful friends, better than all that proud governments could bestow: he had a purpose.

From the day that on the bleak Massachusetts coasts he made with his own hands that crude, life-saving boat until he died, honored by the nations of the world as few civilians were ever honored, it was his one splendid, over-mastering purpose to do good to humanity.

The boy who early adopts a resolution to be good for something in the world has already accomplished one of the most important acts of his life.

This boy, the story of whose life has been strangely interesting to me, was placed among most discouraging surroundings. He had no opportunity of gaining an education; there were far fewer chances of this kind at the beginning of the century than at its close. But he sought what employment there was, studying all that he possibly could meanwhile, and at last secured a place as a page in the legislature of the State of Massachusetts — one of the first boys in America to hold such a position. He passed through all the various stages of boy-life, not unlike many boys in some things, but unlike many in that he steadfastly clung to his main purpose. The cruel sea was near him night and day. It was constantly teaching him new lessons of its terrible strength.

When the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain was in progress there were many disasters along the Atlantic coast. Though the lad was an American in every fiber, interested in the outcome of the struggle between the two nations, and marching to the front himself with one regiment, he never lost interest in the rescue of the shipwrecked nor faltered in his resolve to assist that noble work. All the time he was planning how

he might perfect some sort of a boat which would enable those on shore to reach those in the storm and bring them safely to land. He was a born inventor. The sea was his field, human lives in peril his opportunity.

And so he kept on making all sorts of boats — now a light and fast rowboat for which, in 1819, he received "honorable recognition as an inventor" at a fair held in the Massachusetts Mechanics' Institute in Boston; now an improved wooden life-boat which long afterward, in the year 1840, rescued the passengers and

crew of the British bark "Belinda," disabled in mid-ocean, a passing vessel having on board the rude but seaworthy boat which the boy had built in 1816 — twenty-four years earlier.

As he grew older he began still more serious planning. It seems strange to think of a man who has but lately died and yet who was older in 1816 than many of the present readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*. It has been hard for me in meeting the subject of this sketch to realize that I was talking with a man who was thirteen years old when Napoleon was dominating Europe, and who had



JOSEPH FRANCIS.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. BOGARDUS.)

reached manhood before Napoleon ended his life's tragedy on the island of St. Helena. And when General Lafayette, that noble friend of America, laid the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument, young Francis was several years over twenty-one, as he proudly marched along in the procession which formed one of the features of that occasion.

A number of wealthy gentlemen in New York city founded the New York Boat Club in 1830; and for them Mr. Francis built the first yacht ever constructed in America. He was able, you see, to turn his hand to almost



anything which had to do with sailing on the sea. Some Canadian gentlemen wanted a racing rowboat to beat the boat of some of their friends from England who were coming over from the motherland to give them battle at Quebec. Mr. Francis was called upon to build the boat. It was of mahogany, brass fastened, and it weighed only sixty pounds, a remarkably light racing-boat for that day. It was four-oared and was thirty feet long. They called it the "Eagle," and it well deserved its name, for it won the race against the crack boats of the English. It was the first rowboat for racing purposes ever built in America.

But such work as this, successful as it was, was only what we might call amusement—there was far more serious work to perform. From 1830 to 1840 the young man was spending all his spare time and money at work upon a boat which should not only save lives but which could not be crushed on the rocks when the waves were hurling themselves shoreward. His cork-lined boats were successful, and were giving him a world-wide fame as an inventor and philanthropist; but he felt that unless he could invent a boat of some other material than wood his object was but half attained.

He resolved to try iron. Those of his friends who knew oft his step looked upon him—as many an inventor is looked upon in our own day—as little less than a lunatic. *Iron* for a boat? Why, it would take such a vast amount of wood to float the iron that it would be impossible to propel the boat—to say nothing of having it breast the waves of a furious gale and go out through the storm to a wrecked ship! The idea, they said, was simply preposterous. The young man acknowledged the apparent force of the argument, but he believed there was a way out of the difficulty. He started in the path alone. He found many cruel and disheartening difficulties in the way, but he bravely met all trouble, and he nobly maintained his high purpose, and won at last a magnificent victory, not only for himself but for all mankind.

In his later years Mr. Francis loved to tell of the trials of that critical time. Amid his later honors he never forgot the days when at one moment he seemed so near to success and at another so near to the saddest of failures.

It was now the year 1841. He had taken his family—for he was married—to a country place where they could live more cheaply than in the city. He had the use of a room in a house on Anthony street, in the city of New York, in which to carry on the work of his inventions, by the favor of Myndert Van Shoick, a gentleman who was much interested in the outcome of the matter. Here, shut in from all the world, in sore poverty, he worked for twelve months, a long, discouraging, weary year. The end to be gained was to make iron float on water, something which his best friends thought the dream of a lunatic. Day by day and night by night he worked ceaselessly. He denied himself all luxuries, all comforts. He met with failure after failure.

He found himself one day at the close of the year reduced to actual want—and his object not attained. He had but a pittance in his pocket. He was hungry, but he needed one more piece of iron to make one last supreme effort. He went out to a junk-shop with his last twenty-five cents. He bought his piece of iron for thirteen cents. With the rest of the money he bought bread and molasses. All that night he worked. In the morning he found that the rats had stolen the piece of bread which he had saved for his breakfast, but the labor of the night had brought victory. He had solved the problem! He had conquered in the fiercest battle of his life. He had achieved the success he sought, and this victory meant the saving of the lives of many thousands of his fellow-men.

The corrugation of iron, forming ridges in lines along the sides of the boat, had been invented. By this he was enabled to make the iron float, for he could bend it and shape it to the curved form of a boat, and the bendings or ridges in the sides took the place of all stays, supports, ribs, and timbers, furnishing in themselves the support and strength, while nothing was added to the weight. The metal was put under great pressure to do this, but it stayed in place, and the victory was won.

He had been planning for several years for a life-car, a closed vessel or covered boat, which could be sent out to a stranded vessel on a rope and pulled back and forth. It was to

carry two or three people. He could not see his way clear to make this of wood; but now the iron problem was solved, he could carry out all his plans.

The car was built according to the plan made by him, an inclosed, torpedo-like affair, and along in the terrible winter of 1849-50, it was placed in the care of some untrained fishermen on the New Jersey coast, at Squan Beach. An English ship, the "Ayrshire," was wrecked here, one day, in the midst of a blinding storm. The men on the beach could do nothing with their ordinary boats. The life-car was brought out. A small cannon, or mortar, was loaded with a piece of smooth iron, several inches long, attached to a pile of cord. This was shot out over the spars of the ship. The people on board hauled in the cord and drew along through the surf a stronger rope. This was fastened to the mast and the life-car was swung from the beach, with the rope running through the two rings at each end, and pulled out to the vessel.

There were 201 people on board, and *all but one of the number were saved.*

The story of their rescue went round the world. All that had been said in praise of the inventor's powers was now justified. All Europe was interested. He was recognized by the nations of the world as one who had done a marvelous work for humanity—who had, as some one said, robbed the ocean-voyage of its terrors.

The making of these boats followed, but the original boat Mr. Francis preserved. Its home is now in the National Museum at Washington. It has been sent to many places for exhibition, to London among others, and it was an interesting feature of the Life-Saving Exhibit of the Government at the World's Fair.

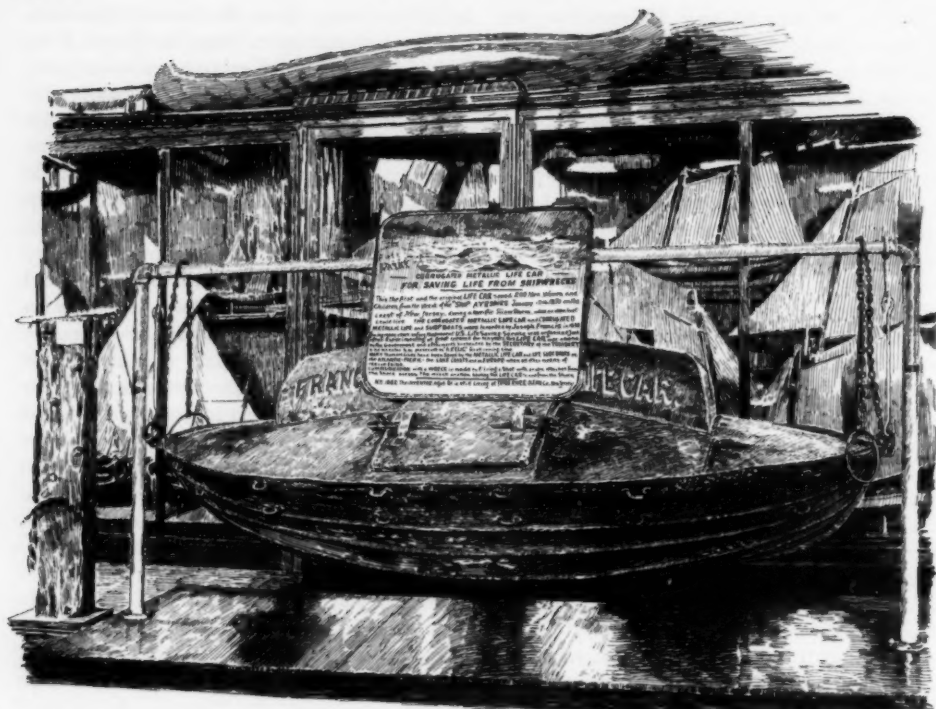
This was the crowning point in the earlier career of the inventor. He had in the invention of this corrugating process solved many other problems. He found many purposes to which the corrugated iron could be put. By its aid he invented the portable steamship. This was a ship which could be transported overland and set up on the shores of an inland sea or lake. By using this device Russia was enabled to navigate the Aral Sea, and open up the way to still more complete conquest of

Asiatic territory. Since the days of that wonderful maritime leader, Peter the Great, Russia had been seeking to enlarge her ocean-coast borders, and successfully; but it was quite another thing to navigate an inland sea. The Russian Czar had heard of Mr. Francis and his inventions, and learned that he had been able to make by means of his corrugated iron a ship which could be carried in sections. A boat was built to order for the Russian government by Mr. Francis, and it was transported overland from Liverpool to St. Petersburg, and then on to the sea of Aral. For much of the distance in Russia the boxed sections were carried on the backs of serfs. The parts were put together on the shores of this great inland sea, and a new question of conquest was solved. The shoreline of the Aral was surveyed, forts were built, and, later, a factory for the construction of these vessels was built on the Volga, Mr. Francis sending out some of his own workmen from his factory at Greenpoint, New York.

In 1855 Mr. Francis went to Europe. He introduced his inventions at many courts. He remained abroad about twelve years, and made many warm friends in many lands by his modest, unassuming frankness and his habitual courtesy. And he received great honors at the courts of kings.

I shall not soon forget the stories he told of the events witnessed in these European capitals; they were all so interesting, and he was so wholly frank and natural in their narration. He was long at the court of the Czar, a sovereign who was deeply interested in the work of the inventor. When Mr. Francis went to Europe he had letters of introduction from many prominent Americans. In St. Petersburg he called upon the American minister. Here, as he told me laughingly, he forgot all about his letters of introduction, one of which was from the President of the United States and another from the Secretary of State, and merely told some of the officials connected with the American Legation that he wished to meet the Czar.

"What!" the official ejaculated in amazement. "Meet the Czar? Impossible, man! Do you realize what you are asking—an introduction to the Czar of Russia? Why, it would



Old Francis 44.

ORIGINAL FRANCIS LIFE-CAR, USED TO RESCUE 200 PERSONS FROM THE WRECK OF THE SHIP "AYRSHIRE," JAN. 19, 1850.

take you a month to get an introduction to the Grand Duke, to say nothing about getting into the presence of the Czar!"

Mr. Francis went away, and, with true

American independence, called at the palace of the Grand Duke. He sent in his plain visiting or business card. He had not long to wait. The attendant ushered him into a mag-

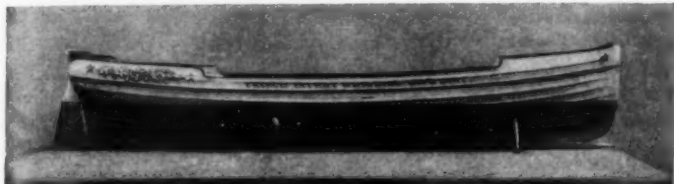
nificent salon in the ducal palace. "From the further side of the splendid room," said the old gentleman to me as he related the story, his eyes glowing with the recollection of the triumph of the hour, "appeared the Grand Duke Constantine, one of America's truest friends; and, both of his hands outstretched, he took both of mine in his as he reached me."



OLD ENGRAVING SHOWING THE FIRST LIFE-BOAT. THIS BOAT, MADE OF WOOD, AND LINED WITH CORK, WAS USED AT A WRECK IN 1817.

The Grand Duke asked what could he do for Mr. Francis, the man of whom they had heard so much, whose life-saving service was even then of such value to Russia's sea-coast,

And this was his introduction to Alexander II., a ruler who never forgot this gentle, modest American, and who, through long years, owned him as a cherished friend.



MODEL OF FRANCIS METALLIC LIFE-BOAT.

and whose inventions promised so much for Russia—what could they do? Mr. Francis said that he would like to meet the Czar.

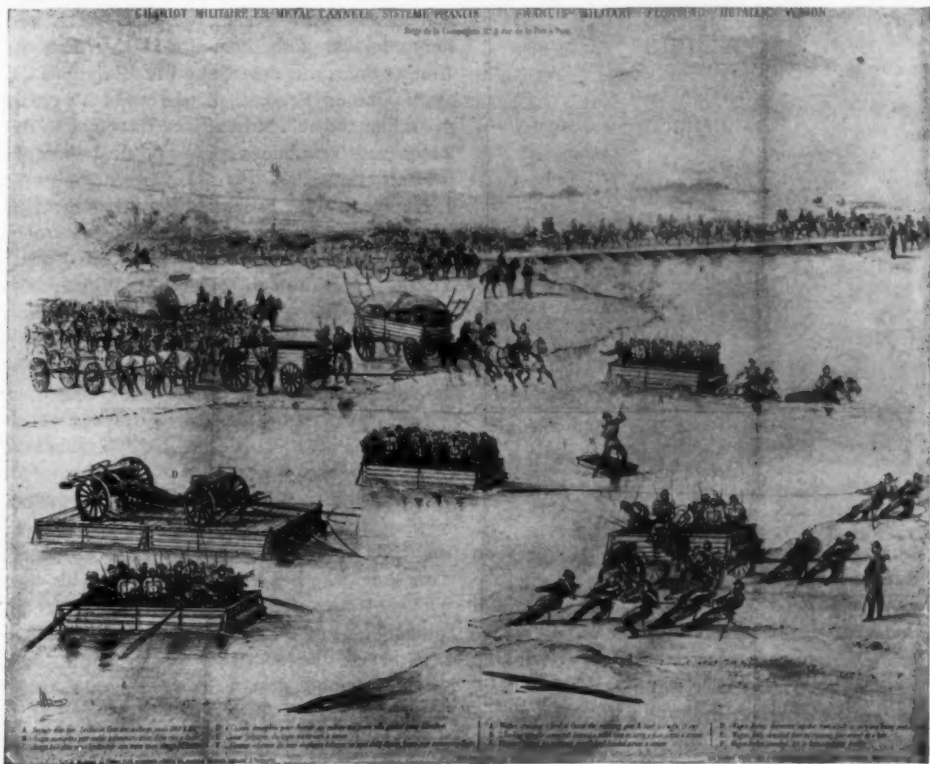
Certainly; the Grand Duke would make an appointment with him to dine in a day or two with the Czar at the palace.

The official to whom Mr. Francis had expressed his desire to meet the Czar spoke up jokingly: "Well, how are you coming on in your efforts to meet the Czar?"

"I have seen him."

"What!" with doubt in face and voice, "you

A day or two afterward Mr. Francis strolled into the office of the American Legation. I doubt not there was a merry twinkle in his eye, for no man loved a quiet joke better than he did.



COPY OF AN OLD ENGRAVING SHOWING THE USES OF THE CORRUGATED-METAL ARMY WAGONS.

have seen the Czar? How did you see him, pray tell?"

"I dined with him yesterday," was the simple answer.

And it was not the last time he was entertained at the imperial palace.

He had been received one day by the Czar at dinner. The Czar was fond of witnessing experiments with new inventions, and Mr. Francis was asked out into a room opening from a conservatory where an inventor with some new-

ship, but he conferred knighthood upon the inventor.

Mr. Francis was warmly received at the courts of the continent. One day when he was at the Austrian court, an exhibition of some of his inventions was being made before the Emperor, whose name, Francis Joseph, was the inventor's name reversed.

There was a large crowd of the nobility and subjects of the Emperor assembled on the banks of the Danube. Some of the workmen did not do their parts as handily as Mr. Francis wished, so, seizing a rope, he began pulling on it. In doing this he swung his arm around unexpectedly and knocked the Emperor down, flat on his back. The subjects were aghast at the sight, even though it was an accident, but all the inventor could do was to apologize.

In France he was warmly received by Napoleon III. Together on the banks of the Seine one day in February, 1856, they witnessed many maneuvers by the French troops which showed the usefulness of the inventions of Mr. Francis. Among them was the use by the soldiery of the army pontoon-wagons. These wagons were so made that they could be driven directly into the water, and their buoyancy would float them, in perfect safety.

Napoleon III. presented to Mr. Francis a beautiful diamond-mounted snuff-box in recognition of his services.

And so it was all over Europe. Wherever he went he received honors. A gold medal was given to him by Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies; a silver medal was voted to him by the Imperial International Shipwreck Society of France, composed of the crowned heads of Europe, and he was also elected a "benefactor" of the society.

There is a saying, which many have magnified into a proverb, that "Republics are ungrateful." It was certainly shown in Mr. Francis's case that, whether ungrateful or not, his own country was assuredly negligent; for it was not until long after the Old World had given him such signal honors that the United States, through Congress, paid the aged man the tribute which was his due.

In 1887 he received the unusual honor of the thanks of Congress. In 1888 a gold medal was



DECORATION AS KNIGHT OF THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL ORDER OF ST. STANISLAUS OF RUSSIA, CONFERRED UPON JOSEPH FRANCIS BY EMPEROR ALEXANDER II., IN 1860.

fangled force-pump was going to give an exhibition. After they had seen the pump, the Czar took hold of the nozzle of the pipe and turned it in the direction of the ladies of the court, who were in the conservatory. Winking to Mr. Francis, the Czar, in mischief, gave them a slight sprinkling, begging pardon afterward for his awkwardness.

The Czar not only vouchsafed his friend-



voted for his services to mankind, and on April 12, 1890, in the historic Blue Room of the White House, at Washington, this beautiful medal, the most costly one ever bestowed by the



GOLD BOX PRESENTED TO JOSEPH FRANCIS BY NAPOLEON III.

Government of the United States upon an American citizen, was formally presented to Mr. Francis by President Harrison. Mr. Harrison referred to the medal as the tribute of a grateful country to a citizen who had rendered conspicuous service to mankind, and in his address said:

"The tributes you have received from foreign countries to the value of your life-saving appliances are now tardily but generously and fittingly confirmed and crowned by this testimonial from your own. It was not enough that the savage wrecker should be driven from the coast—for the arm of the sympathizing watcher who had taken his place was still shortened, and impotent to save. You have given it power—you have made it possible for the shore to send succor to the ship. You have invented and suggested appliances that have saved many thousands of human lives. Not many of these have been able to know or to thank the man who saved them: but the nation to-day voices the gratitude of these and many thousands more who will owe their deliverance to you. In the name of the American Congress and the American people I now place this medal of honor in your hand."

The medal is of large size. It cost \$6,000. It was designed by the well-known sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens. A portrait bust of Mr. Francis, in relief, fills the center, and is surrounded by thirty-eight diamonds. This is the inscription:

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
BY ACT OF CONGRESS, 27 AUGUST, 1888, TO  
JOSEPH FRANCIS,

INVENTOR AND FRAMER OF THE MEANS  
FOR THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE OF THE COUNTRY.

The reverse shows a ship in distress with the rescuers at work.

On one of the early days of April, 1892, an added honor was awarded to Mr. Francis, one but seldom vouchsafed—an introduction, by unanimous consent, to the United States Senate in session.

One beautiful summer day, when on the way to the home where Mr. Francis lived, I met him a mile or more distant from his house. He would not consent to ride, but, ninety and one that he was, set a pace for me that was anything but slow. He laughingly said, after we had gone a half-mile or so, at a good brisk pace, that he would take a car if I was tired!



SILVER MEDAL PRESENTED TO JOSEPH FRANCIS BY THE "IMPERIAL INTERNATIONAL SHIPWRECK SOCIETY," OF FRANCE.

Once before when I had met him, late one autumn evening, with a letter of introduction to him, he surprised me not a little by reading the letter in the dusk without any spectacles, laugh-



OVERSE AND REVERSE OF MEDAL PRESENTED TO JOSEPH FRANCIS BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

ing as he remarked that he wore spectacles until he came near losing his eyesight, and then threw them out of the window—some forty years before—and had n't had any use for them since.

He was fond of children, and with one little girl, Lulu Rhodes, at whose house he lived, he was a constant correspondent whenever they were separated. He made for her a scrap-book which contained interesting material in regard to his life, and I have found this book useful in supplementing other material in the preparation of this article.

This was no ordinary man. Without many graces of speech, he could yet express himself clearly, forcibly, neatly. With none of the polish of the man of the world, he was ever an example of native politeness. With full respect for au-

thority, wherever he found it, he was always a firm advocate of the liberty of America. Without a trace of arrogance, or undue pride, he was yet dignified and self-possessed. With tolerance for the opinions of others, he yet had an indomitable will which would yield to nothing when he believed himself in the right. I found him, what all those who had been more intimately acquainted with him found him, a singularly modest man, gentleness itself, and yet a lion in the cause of justice. He believed that others had sought to usurp his place, and he battled with unremitting earnestness, through the last quarter of a century of his life, for that which at last came to him—justice.

While I knew him he was a sweet-faced, gentle old man, in whom shone forth the rare elements of a pure and noble life.



## SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### ABDALLAH'S AERIAL CRYSTAL PLATFORM.

TOM and Mr. Brown stared at each other for some moments in speechless astonishment; then the latter gasped:

"Wh—where has he gone?—what has become of him?"

The boy shook his head.

"I give it up. He's a wonderful man."

"I should say he was. Why, when he was balancing himself on that flagstaff I expected to see him fall and break every bone in his body!"

"So did I. But I don't believe he *can* be killed."

"Well, it begins to look so. But where is he?"

"Up there, somewhere; you know he said we could follow him if we had courage enough."

Mr. Brown coughed nervously.

"Oh, I have courage enough, so far as *that* goes," he said, "but—but do you think it would be worth while?"

"I'd like to know what has become of Mr. Sindbad," said Tom.

"Oh, yes, so should I; I hate awfully to lose sight of him in this way. But the question is, should we be justified in risking our necks to satisfy a mere idle curiosity?"

"It is n't an idle curiosity," responded Tom. "Mr. Sindbad is our partner, and I think it is our duty to go to him; he may need our aid."

"Oh, he can look out for himself very well!" said Mr. Brown, with a sneer; "take my word for that."

"Well, he said he was going to start on a journey," went on the boy impatiently. "If we're going to follow him we'd better be about it, for he may not care to wait much longer for us."

"Yes, that's so," returned Mr. Brown, so nervous that his voice shook; "but the top of a flagstaff does seem a rather odd starting-place for a journey—does n't it strike you in that way? I'll tell you what I'll do!"

"Well?"

"I want a little more time to think this thing over; and, besides, I'm not feeling very well. Suppose you go first, eh? What do you say to that?"

"All right, I'll go."

"Good boy! And say, Tom, when you get to the top, just before you step off, if you have reason to think that there's no particular danger wave your hand; will you do that?"

"Yes."

"Then go, my boy, and if you need help just call out, and James P. Brown will fly to your rescue."

A minute later, Tom was "shinning" up the flagstaff, watched in breathless interest by the Co. When he reached the top of the pole a surprised, delighted smile appeared upon his face; then he waved his hand, and disappeared exactly as Sindbad had done.

Mr. Brown scratched his nose in surprise and bewilderment.

"This is a little too much for *me*," he muttered, "and that's saying a good deal. What shall I do now? If I follow my partners I may be incurring great risks; if I don't I may lose the chance of a lifetime. What had I better do?"

While the Co. stands with wrinkled brow and compressed lips, trying to decide this momentous question, we may follow Tom and Sindbad.

When he had climbed to the top of the flagstaff he saw, to his amazement, Sindbad standing upon a platform about twelve feet square and composed, apparently, of transparent glass.

"I thought *you'd* follow," the explorer said,

extending his hand. "Come on board. You might get dizzy standing there; *I* did."

Tom obeyed.

As he stepped upon the platform, he perceived that it was furnished with three chairs, and that there was a high railing on three of its four sides. It was transparent, and yielded to the touch of his feet. He felt as if he were walking on air.

"What sort of a thing is this, Mr. Sindbad?" he asked, excitedly. "Is it an air-ship? Why can't it be seen from the ground? How did you know it was here. Why—"

"One question at a time," interrupted Sindbad, smilingly. "I will answer them all, only give me time. But first, I want to know if that fellow Brown is coming."

"I think he is," said Tom. "I told him that I would signal him if I thought there was no danger."

"Oh, that's why you waved your hand, is it?" said Sindbad, with a dissatisfied look. "Well, I'm sorry you did it."

"Why?" asked Tom. "Don't you like him?"

"Like him!" cried Sindbad. "I—well, you are not a very keen observer if you have not noticed that our relations have become—to put it mildly—somewhat strained. Just look at him, standing there trying to make up his mind to follow us! Did you ever see such—ah! he has decided to come! Dear, dear! I don't know when anything has made me so nervous as that man's conduct. In all my experience with men and things I never met a man or a thing like him."

"He does n't mean any harm, Mr. Sindbad," said Tom. "You know it takes a little while to get used to your ways."

Before the words had left the boy's mouth he saw that he had made a mistake. He was about to stammer out an apology which would probably have only aggravated the original offense in Sindbad's eyes, when the explorer burst out with:

"Aha! that's your opinion, is it? It takes time to get used to me, eh? You're the first person that ever told me *that*. If the idea were not so utterly ridiculous I should become angry; as it is, I only laugh. Ha, ha!"

"Mr. Sindbad—"

"Excuse me, but I don't care to discuss the matter any further. Ah! your friend is beginning to climb the flagstaff. Well, I said I'd wait for him, and I will; but would n't I like to—no matter! I only hope he'll succeed in getting up here without attracting the attention of any one. Luckily, when you and I came up, all the hotel guests were at the back of the house on the lawn-tennis ground, and now—but here he is!"

Tom could not help thinking Sindbad a little hypocritical when, after helping Mr. Brown upon the platform, he said very effusively:

"My dear fellow, I can't tell you how delighted I am that you met with no accident in your ascent. I was *so* afraid that you might forget where you were. If that curiously treacherous memory of yours had failed you when you were half way up the pole, it might have been extremely awkward for you, you know—now, might n't it?"

"What sort of a contrivance is this, anyhow, Sindbad?" asked Mr. Brown, ignoring the senior partner's question. "Quite an idea, is n't it? Your own invention, I suppose; I always said you had it in you. It never made any difference to me when people ran you down, and said you were overrated. 'Gentlemen,' I used to say, 'it makes no dif—'"

"Quite so," interrupted Sindbad with frigid politeness; "and I'm sure I'm greatly obliged. But I think you asked me what sort of a—*a* contrivance—I believe that was the word you used—this is. Allow me to inform you that you are standing upon Abdallah's Aërial Crystal Platform!"

Mr. Brown did not appear as much impressed by this statement as Sindbad evidently expected him to be.

"I am, eh?" he said, glancing about him. "Well, what's the use of the thing, anyway? *I* think it's a good deal more comfortable down below. 'Aërial Crystal Platform!' Ha, ha, ha! You Orientals have some funny ideas—there's no use talking, you do have some very queer ideas!"

"See here," cried Sindbad, very red in the face, "I'm no more an Oriental than you are; I'm a cosmopolitan, if there ever was one."

And if you don't like this platform you can leave it just as soon as you please."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Brown, apologetically, "I did n't say I did n't like it. I *do* like it—in fact, I'm quite infatuated with it. But I should like to know what it is for."

"You 'd like to know what it is for!" exclaimed Sindbad, scornfully. "Well, what do you *suppose* it is for? You are in possession of all your faculties, are n't you? But no matter; rather than get into another argument with you I will explain that it is intended as a means of locomotion, and that as such it has few equals and no superiors."

"I don't for a moment doubt it," returned the Co., who seemed to be afraid that he had gone too far, and to be anxious to conciliate Sindbad. "I can see that it is a great invention, though I have not the slightest idea how it works. Where is the machinery, Mr. Sindbad?"

"There is n't any machinery; all that is needed to start the platform is my will-power," replied Sindbad.

"Really, now! That 's an immense saving of fuel and energy, is n't it? How did you happen to think of the thing?"

"It is not my invention, Mr. Brown," said the explorer. "I thought I told you that it was *Abdallah's* Aërial Platform."

"So you did, but I thought maybe your first name was Abdallah. It 's a pretty name, too; don't you think so?"

"No, I don't," snapped Sindbad. "It 's a name I always detested, and I 'm glad it is not mine."

"Oh!" said Mr. Brown. "I see. Well, perhaps when you come to think of it it is not such a desirable name, after all. But who is Abdallah?"

"He is an Arabian magician," replied the senior partner—"at least he *was*; I don't know whether he 's alive now or not."

"Well, he must have had a great head," said the Co. "I wish I 'd known him."

"You would n't have liked him," remarked Sindbad.

"You think not, eh?"

"I 'm sure of it."

"Well, how did he happen to invent this

thing? And how did you get hold of it? Pardon my curiosity, but this is really such an extraordinary piece of mechanism that—"

"It is n't mechanism, it 's magic," interrupted Sindbad. "I don't mind telling you all I know about the thing, but to do so it will be necessary for me to relate an incident of my one-hundred-and-sixty-ninth voyage, and that might bore you."

"I should be delighted—charmed!" Mr. Brown assured him.

"But our young friend Thomas, perhaps—" began the explorer, with a questioning look at the youth.

"I 'd like to hear the whole story, if you have time to tell it, Mr. Sindbad," said Tom.

"Time! What is time to me?" laughed Sindbad. "Have n't I drunk of the Fountain of Youth? Well, since you both want to hear the story, here goes!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-NINTH VOYAGE.

"HOLD on!" interrupted Mr. Brown, as Sindbad seated himself in Oriental fashion upon the platform, cleared his throat, and prepared to begin the story.

"What 's the matter now?" asked the great adventurer, irritably.

"Had n't we better get out of sight of that hotel? We don't wish to attract attention, you know."

"We *are* out of sight of the hotel," said Sindbad.

"Eh?"

"We 're not attracting attention; we could n't attract attention if we wished to. This platform and everything on it is invisible from below; that is one of the best things about the invention, to my way of thinking."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, drawing a long breath, "that magician did n't do things by halves, did he? But our voices may be heard."

"That is impossible, too."

"Well, I declare! Then we could sit here all day shouting at the top of our voices, and no one would be the wiser?"

"No one," said Sindbad, positively.



"Well, *now* I see why you value the old platform so highly. At first I thought—but go on with your story, Sindbad."

"Whenever *you* have quite finished," said the explorer, with a disagreeable curl of the upper lip. "I'm not one of those persons who desire to monopolize the conversation, I assure you."

"We never thought you were—did we, Tom?" said Mr. Brown, winking at the lad. "Go on, please. It was your one-hundred-and-sixty-ninth voyage, I think you said."

"Your memory has not failed you on this occasion, at any rate," responded Sindbad. "If I were writing an account of this voyage, Mr. Brown, I should not need that rubber stamp, for I was not living in Bagdad at the time, and did not go to Balsora. I was stopping in Bagdad as an English tourist, and under an assumed name."

"Oh, under an assumed name, eh?" said Mr. Brown, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "Dear me! But I suppose you had your reasons; and after all, it's none of *my* business."

"Yes, sir," responded Sindbad, with heightened color. "I *had* my reasons, and it *is* none of your business. But I'm going to tell you the whole story, if you will allow me."

"Please don't keep interrupting, Mr. Brown," said Tom. "Mr. Sindbad is all ready to go on with the voyage, if you will only let him."

"If I'll only let him!" cried the Co. wildly. "Why, what am I doing to prevent him? No matter what happens, I'm the one blamed. I never saw anything like it."

During this episode Sindbad had been drumming impatiently on the edge of the Crystal Platform. He now said with an air of resignation:

"Whenever you have quite finished, Mr. Brown, I shall proceed—not before."

The Co. closed his lips tightly, and stared straight ahead at nothing in particular, and with an utterly expressionless face.

After an impressive silence of a full minute, Sindbad began:

"I am not going to relate my entire one-hundred-and-sixty-ninth voyage, for I feel sure that the recital would not only take up too much of

your valuable time, but would excessively bore two gentlemen so thoroughly up-to-date as I know you both to be. I shall simply detail one little incident which occurred during my residence of a few weeks in Bagdad. I shall make the story as short as possible, and I crave your kind indulgence."

With these bitterly sarcastic words the explorer, after a vain attempt to catch the eye of Mr. Brown, who was still gazing into vacancy, glared at Tom with a look of mingled reproach and defiance. Then he went on:

"My business in Bagdad was to rescue a captive maiden from the power of a wicked magician, a task for which some of my friends were kind enough to think me especially fitted. But what are you laughing at, Brown?"

The Co., who really seemed to have been doing his utmost to suppress his mirth, now broke out with:

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! You must excuse me, Sindbad, but this seems to carry me right back to the days when the nursery was the only world I knew. 'Captive maiden!' 'Wicked magician!' That *is* good, Sindbad!"

"You think so, do you?" said Sindbad, with ominous quietness. "I am so glad you are pleased. Stop pinching him, Tom; I really like to see him enjoy himself, and I'm glad to know that his memory is improving so rapidly; *now* he can remember all about his nursery days. Go on, Mr. Brown; laugh all you like. And let me tell you one thing that I think will amuse you greatly: I could by a mere effort of my will cause this platform to turn upside down and send you and my other valued partner to the ground in just about the time it would take me to say Jack Robinson. I don't know that this fact will possess any particular interest to you, but I thought it would n't do any harm to mention it."

By this time Mr. Brown's face had lengthened considerably, and wore a somewhat apprehensive expression.

"Oh, I don't doubt you could do it, my dear fellow," he said; "in fact, I am sure you could. But you won't—now, will you?"

"I'm not so sure about that," replied the explorer uncomproisingly.

"But *I* am," said Mr. Brown, with a ghastly



"YOU KNOW HOW THESE MAGICIANS ARE—ALWAYS CRUEL AND VINDICTIVE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

attempt at sprightliness. "He, he, he! Tom, hundred-and-sixty-ninth voyage. Is n't that just imagine Sindbad doing such a thing! Why, a good idea, Sindbad? He, he! I tell you he could n't; his noble nature would revolt at the very—help! help!"

The crystal platform had begun to lurch in a very peculiar and dangerous manner.

"I did n't do that," said Sindbad, evidently almost as much alarmed as the Co.; "honestly I did n't."

"Well, how do you account for it?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I can't account for it," replied the explorer; "it never did such a thing before."

"It's pretty evident," said the Co., "that the old platform is out of order; and it's no wonder, after all, when you consider how long you've had it, Sindbad. You'd better send it back to—to wherever you got it, for repairs. And now suppose we go back to the hotel piazza? there is n't a soul there, and the chairs are really very comfortable. Then you can tell us all about your one-



"ABDALLAH PASSED HIS SHOP WEARING AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

two heads are better than one. Shall I climb down first?"

And Mr. Brown stepped toward the flagstaff.

"You will kindly remain just where you are," said Sindbad icily. "The platform is all right now."

"Oh, it *seems* all right," said Mr. Brown, "but you can't tell."

"Yes, I can tell," replied Sindbad. "Don't you worry about this platform; it is, as I have told you, entirely under the control of my will."

"Oh, yes, I understand that," said the Co., "and I 'm sure your management of it, so far as I have seen, reflects great credit on you. But then, don't you see? you can't *always* keep your will-power concentrated on this rick—I mean, this handsomely appointed platform. You 'll get to thinking about something else, and the first thing you know the machine will begin to wobble. Oh, I know *you*, Sindbad! I 'm not blaming you, you understand; but, as the old saying has it—"

"Never mind about the old saying," interrupted the explorer; "you 're going to stay right here. I have said it, and that settles it. Now will you sit down?"

"Of course I will, if you insist," said Mr. Brown, "but I can't help thinking that—"

"Well, you can help talking," interposed the senior partner. "I 've undertaken to tell this story, and I 'm *going* to tell it, and tell it right here. Do you understand me, Mr. Brown? *right here!*"

"I 'm not deaf," said the Co. "I heard what you said. Go on with your yarn. Your business in Bagdad was to rescue a captive maiden, I believe you said. Did you do it?"

"If you will listen quietly," said Mr. Sindbad with frigid politeness, "you will learn whether I did or not."

"Do keep quiet, please, Mr. Brown," added Tom.

The Co. again closed his mouth tightly, and Sindbad resumed his story.

"As I informed you, my mission in Bagdad was to rescue a captive maiden. She was in the power of a magician known as Abdallah."

"The man that invented this platform?" asked Tom.

"The same. He was really a first-class ma-

gician—I 'll give him credit for that. He could turn you into an ostrich, or a cat, or— or anything that happened to come into his head just as easily as he could eat his breakfast. It was really extraordinary, the things that that man could do. Why, what would be hard work for you or me was mere child's play for him. I saw him turn a man into a tree and back again inside of five seconds."

"Well, that *would* be hard work for me," said Tom, drawing a long breath.

"Of course it would; it would take you years of study to accomplish it, and even then you might make a mistake. If Abdallah had possessed a gentle, kindly disposition with his great ability he would have been a very fine fellow. But you know how these magicians are—always cruel and vindictive. The least little thing offends them, and then they can't think of anything but revenge until they get it. Now, the father of this maiden whom I undertook to rescue was a good-natured, simple-minded merchant of Bagdad who had incurred Abdallah's enmity once because he laughed at him."

"Why did he laugh?" asked Tom.

"I don't exactly remember," replied Sindbad; "but I think it was because Abdallah passed his shop wearing an elephant's trunk. Yes, that *was* it! The magician had been transacting some sort of private business disguised as an elephant, and in changing himself back into a man had forgotten to utter certain necessary words, in consequence of which omission the elephant's trunk remained."

"He must have been very absent-minded not to have noticed it," said Tom.

"Yes, he must; but the fact remains that he did n't until reminded of it by the merchant. And now may I go on with my story?"

"If you please, Mr. Sindbad," replied Tom, meekly.

"Thank you. Well, I gained admission to the magician's house disguised as a traveling merchant. I had a box filled with little odds and ends,—bric-à-brac and all that sort of thing, you understand,—and I exhibited them to the magician. Now, among my stock was a bottle of very peculiar ointment that had been furnished me by an opposition magician who did

not like this one. If I could only manage to rub a little of this stuff on his forehead he would become completely the creature of my will, and I could walk away with the captive maiden without the slightest fear of any resistance on his part.

"Well, the old rascal summoned the maiden from her room, and told her to help herself to anything in my stock that took her fancy—that money was no object to him, and that although his relations with her father were somewhat strained, he had nothing in the wide world against *her*.

"That gave me just the chance I wanted.

"Here's something I think will just suit you, miss," I said, uncorking the bottle of ointment.

"But that old fox Abdallah was wide awake. What do you think he did the moment he got a sniff of that ointment? Quicker than I can tell it he seized the maiden, placed her beside him in the middle of the room, and with a piece of chalk drew upon the floor around them a circle about three feet in diameter.

"Of course you know that a circle of this sort drawn with chalk has from time immemorial been regarded as a sure protection from all sorts of misfortune.

"You've got to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of old Abdallah," said the sorcerer, with a hideous grin, as he observed the look of dismay on my face. "Now what are you going to do?"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### ABDALLAH'S REVENGE.

"WELL, that *was* a fix!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "The magician had you there."

"That's what *he* thought," replied Sindbad,

complacently; "but he was mistaken, as you are."

"Why, what did you do? What *could* you do?" cried the Co. "There he and his prisoner were inside the magic circle, and there you were outside. Why, there was nothing for you to do but submit."

"That is also just what Abdallah thought," returned Sindbad, with a smirk. "But Necessity is the mother of Invention. Like an inspira-



"NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?" ASKED THE SORCERER."

tion, a way out of the difficulty occurred to me. There was a bottle of water on the table; I picked it up, moistened my handkerchief, and quietly wiped out the chalk-mark."

"Well, well!" gasped Mr. Brown, "I should never have thought of that!"

"No, I did n't suppose you would," said the explorer; "but in a case of emergency I am usually right on hand. To be perfectly

frank with you, I think I might have saved myself the trouble of rubbing out the chalk-mark."

"How could you possibly have done that?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Very easily. What was there to prevent me from stepping over the line? It was n't a picket-fence, but only a clumsily made chalk-mark."

"Well," said the Co., drawing a long breath, "you really are a remarkable man, Sindbad. Why, you're a genius!"

"So I've been told before," responded Sindbad, "but all I lay claim to is ordinarily good judgment and invariable presence of mind. Shall I go on?"

"By all means, my dear sir; and please pardon the interruption. Of course the magician was greatly terrified when you wiped out his chalk-mark."

"I should say he was. Why, he turned as white as a sheet; and, getting down upon his knees, began to sue for mercy. But, without paying any attention to him, I seized the maiden, and started for the door with her. Then he jumped up, and threatened to turn me into a spider if I advanced another step. In the quietest possible manner I told him that I should transform him into a fly if he made the slightest attempt to do anything of the sort."

"Could you really have done it?" interrupted Tom.

"Well, no," replied Sindbad with an embarrassed cough; "as a matter of fact I could n't. The threat was only what would in modern parlance be termed a bit of 'bluff.' But Abdallah believed it and begged me to have pity on him, if not for his own sake for that of his family."

"Well, Abdallah," said I, "I'm willing to do what is right; but I can't forget the eternal principles of justice. I really think that I should be acting for the best good of the community at large if I turned you into a fly. I do, honestly. But I will consent to negotiate with you. I'll agree not to molest you in any way, but you must make it worth my while."

"He was half frightened to death, and began telling all about this Aërial Platform—his latest invention. I mentally decided in a very

short time that it was a good thing, and I told him that if he would give it to me I would n't transform him into anything at all.

"You shall have it," he said; "but I must have two hundred sequins to boot."

"I pretended to object, though of course the two hundred sequins did n't make any difference to me, for I was wearing my enchanted trousers at the time. The end of it all was that I paid him the money, got the Crystal Platform, took the young woman home, received a liberal reward from her father for my services in rescuing her, and left Bagdad."

"It was, everything considered, a very fair speculation. The Crystal Platform is ready whenever I want it, and many are the pleasant trips I've had on it."

"Did n't the magician make a fuss when he found that the two hundred sequins had disappeared?" asked Tom.

"Fuss!" laughed Sindbad. "Well, that is a mild word for it. I understand that he was so furious that he changed himself into a house on fire in his rage. But of course that did n't hurt *me* any. In fact, I did n't hear of it until long afterward. He sent word to me, however, by a mutual friend that he intended to get even with me, and that he would give me one voyage on the Platform that I should n't like."

"Oh, he said that, did he?" cried Mr. Brown, nervously. "How do you know that this very voyage is n't the voyage he meant?—you know how the Platform acted a little while ago."

"Oh, I've no fear," said Sindbad, laughing. "And now I'll show you how the Platform works. As I have told you, my will is the only motive power used. I now will that the platform go to yonder church steeple and back; just as a little trial trip, you understand, to get you used to the thing."

Before he had finished speaking the Aërial Platform started off at a terrific rate of speed in the direction of the steeple. On the way it performed the most extraordinary antics, gyrating rapidly for a full half minute, then rocking, then tilting until it reached an angle of nearly forty-five degrees.

"Dear me! it never behaved like this be-



fore!" cried Sindbad, with a very white face. "Whoa, there!—steady!"

Instead of obeying, the Platform made a sudden rush for the steeple, into which it ran with great force. Tom, who was a good deal frightened, had just time to leap into the belfry window when the eccentric Platform started back for the flag-staff; a moment later it had disappeared entirely from the boy's view.

He hurried down the narrow spiral staircase, and ran at the top of his speed toward the flagstaff.

When he was within a few hundred feet of it he heard a sudden crash and a mocking laugh, then Sindbad and Mr. Brown suddenly appeared at the top of the pole and began sliding down.

As they reached the ground he ran to meet them, asking:

"What has happened?"

"Abdallah has had his revenge," replied Sindbad, "and the Aërial Platform has gone to smash. I never had such luck in my life before!"

"Nor I either, so far as I can remember," said Mr. Brown. "You don't get *me* on any more Aërial Platforms, I can tell you that."

"Luckily, nobody saw us," added Sindbad. "Come, let's get back to the hotel; I, for one, feel quite shaken up."

"Shall we take that nine-o'clock train, sir?" asked Tom as they again seated themselves on the piazza.

"I suppose so," replied Sindbad shortly.

"And what shall we do when we get to New York, Mr. Sindbad?"

"When we get to New York!" said the explorer in a voice of awful significance. "Why did n't you say *if* we get to New York?"

"Do you mean to say that you have any doubt that we shall reach the Metropolis?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"We may—in time," answered Sindbad;



"'WHOA, THERE!—STEADY!' CRIED SINDBAD."

"but I am willing to stake my professional reputation that we shall *not* reach it on *that* train."

"Oh, well, if you know anything against the train," said Mr. Brown, "let us by all means take another."

"It's not that train in particular," said Sindbad. "What I said applies as well to the ten-o'clock train, or the eleven-o'clock train, or the twelve-o'clock train, as to the nine-o'clock train. You know my reputation, Mr. Brown; that train will not—*cannot*—get through without an accident."

"Oh, that's nonsense," laughed Mr. Brown. "Excuse me, Sindbad, my dear boy, but I'm

afraid you 're getting superstitious in your old age. Oh, that is really funny! The train can't get through without an accident! Why, the run takes only a little more than an hour."

"I don't care if it takes less than a minute," replied Sindbad. "It cannot be made without an accident if I am a passenger. Tom can tell you that."

"I guess that 's so, Mr. Brown," said Tom; "you know I told you what happened when Mr. Sindbad and I started for New York the other time."

"Oh, that was a mere coincidence," said the new partner. "Don't permit such ideas to remain in your mind for a moment. I'd rather be a slave in the mines of what-you-may-call-it—I can't think of the name now—than a victim of such degrading superstition."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Sindbad, "that you term a belief in my voyages a 'degrading superstition'? Do you, sir? Speak out like a man!"

"Now *don't* be so quick-tempered, Mr. Sindbad," said Mr. Brown. "It 's not only in bad taste, but it 's positively dangerous for a man of your age. I have the greatest possible respect for you as a gentleman and an explorer, but you must admit—now, really you must—that the generally accepted story of your voyages is—well, is a little exaggerated. And as for your idea that a train can't travel from New-hampton to New York with you on board without being wrecked—why, that 's simply bosh!"

"It is, eh?" cried Sindbad in a voice broken with passion. "Well, it 's evident that your experience on Abdallah's platform has n't done you much good. I 'll forfeit to you all I possess if the train upon which we start for New York does not meet with a serious accident!"

"Do you mean that?" cried Mr. Brown.

"I do, certainly; I never say what I do not mean."

"Will you forfeit the enchanted trousers?"

"Yes. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

And the explorer rose abruptly and entered the hotel.

"Awfully touchy, is n't he?" said Mr. Brown to Tom. "But, really, I was in the right, you know. Well, I think those enchanted trousers will belong to me to-morrow."

What remained of the afternoon was tedious and uneventful; and before nine o'clock Tom went to bed with a headache.

"It 's an awful strain on a fellow to be a member of such a firm," he said to himself as



he blew out his light. "Somehow the real Sindbad does n't seem much like the one in the book. I think Hindbad flattered him, but I should n't dare say so to *him*."

(To be continued.)

## THE CITY OF STORIES.

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

### I.

HAVE you ever heard of the Princess Yolette, who was born many years ago? I do not know the exact date of Yolette's birth, but I think it was near the end of the same year in which there was such a stir over the mysterious disappearance of Prince Zeramo, only son of the King of the Cloud-capped Mountains. If you remember when that was, you can fix upon about the time the Princess was born.

Yolette was the daughter of a famous king,—a king famous for being able to say more about less in a shorter time than any other person then living. Upon one thing in particular he spent many words, and wasted much breath: and that was the sad condition of his beloved daughter. The Princess Yolette was as healthy and hearty a child as ever came into the world; but for some unknown reason she did not talk. The King could not sufficiently lament the fact that his dear child had been born dumb.

Indeed, by his loud complaints he at length worried his poor Queen into a serious illness; and at last she quietly expired, lamented throughout the kingdom.

Her death was a heavy blow to her husband, for she had been a good and patient listener to him in his talkative moods. However, his sorrow gradually gave place to his growing anxiety on account of Yolette, who was now known the whole world over as the Silent Princess.

He presently fell into the way of talking about her with his prime minister many hours daily, until at last that official advised that, all else having failed, the courtiers should make a diligent search for the lost voice. This was done, and during the quest a remarkable thing took place. Among the seekers was the first lady in waiting of the Princess Yolette, and with her was the little Princess herself. All at once, just as everybody was beginning to wish

somebody else would suggest there was no use in hunting longer, Yolette, who had seemed buried in deep thought, opened her mouth and said, in the most natural manner possible:

"Tell me a story!"

These words, the first that had ever been heard to fall from the Princess's lips, caused such amazement to her hearers that for a moment they were dumb themselves. In fact, not one of them had left wit enough to obey her Highness's order until, with a stamp of her small foot, she repeated emphatically:

"Tell me a story, I say!"

Thereupon the first lady in waiting, whose mouth was already wide open, hastily began with "Once upon a time—" and then stopped short to rack her brains for something to say next. Meanwhile, two or three dozen courtiers hurried off to see who should be first to tell the King the great news. His majesty was so delighted to hear that his daughter had found her voice at last that, when he learned of her request for a story, he gave orders that every member of his court should be ready at once to tell the Princess as many stories as she might be pleased to ask for.

This proved to be a wise precaution. Yolette's first demand for a story, having been complied with, was followed by a second, and that by a third, and those by any number more. In fact, her craving for stories was something so extraordinary that soon the stock of stories at court was quite exhausted. To supply her ever-growing demand, the King then engaged professional story-tellers, whose duty it was to amuse the Princess from morning till night, and from night till morning, too, if she so willed it. At first there were only one hundred of these functionaries, but their number was shortly increased to five hundred, and finally to one thousand. And still, with this large force, occasionally Yolette was left storyless. As time



"TELL ME A STORY!"

went on, the supply of stories in the country began to show signs of giving out, so that by and by it became necessary to put the Princess on an allowance of only five stories a day,—a most shabby way of treating a royal maiden who had always been used to having as much as she wanted of everything. However, there was no help for it, and indeed there seemed to be every prospect of a story-famine at an early date. This outlook grieved the fond father almost as much as it did the daughter, and he was at his wit's end to know what to do about it. At last the prime minister, who did not look at the matter at all in the same light as did his royal master, ventured to give some good advice.

"May it please your majesty," said he, "this dearth of stories, in my humble opinion, is far from being a calamity. Do you not know that the Princess has been wasting time that would be better employed in study? Why, it would be as well to send her to the City of Stories at once, as to let her thus go on listening to idle tales and growing up in ignorance of the things that all children ought to know!"

The King admitted the truth of all this, and he resolved immediately to get for her the very best masters in the country. But when the Princess found that the learned men either could not or would not tell her stories, she sent them away and positively refused to have anything

to do with them. Her wilful conduct in this respect pained the King exceedingly.

Luckily, however, Yolette had a grandmother, a good old queen, who induced the Princess to learn one thing that was of some benefit to her. On Yolette's tenth birthday she sent her a beautiful gold pen with a pearl handle and a diamond point. With the gift was a note promising that if the Princess would send an invitation, *written by her own hand*, she would come and make her a long visit, during which she would tell her a great many delightful stories.

Now it chanced that, on the day before, the one thousandth story-teller had come to the end of his last tale and gone. And so, as it seemed her only chance of hearing any more stories, she reluctantly consented to learn to write. Much rejoiced, the King immediately sent for the Eminent Writing-master, a teacher of rare talent in his line.

When this accomplished instructor came to give his first lesson, Yolette thought him, at first sight, a very strange person indeed. He was remarkably tall and slim, and was clad all in black except his broad white collar and cuffs, which were ornamented with finely executed mottos in script. On his back he carried his quill pens in a sort of quiver, such as is used by archers for their arrows. With him came two pages,—not pages to be written

upon, but pages in waiting,—called by the queer names of Ynkic and Wypa. The former wore on his head a hat in the shape of an ink-bottle, and filled with ink, while the thick bashy hair of his companion was exactly suited for cleaning pens.

After a short speech, the teacher took a pen, passed it through Wypa's hair, and, dipping it into Ynkic's hat, began his instructions.

Yolette learned quickly, and before long could not only write, but could read tolerably well.

At last the course of lessons came to an end, and Yolette sat down one morning to write the letter to her grandmother. That letter the good old lady never received; in fact, it never was even finished, for reasons that will soon appear. The Princess began thus:

MY DEAREST GRANDMOTHER: I thank you *very* much for your *beautiful* present, and I hasten to write you this letter to invite you to come to see me *as soon* as you can. Stay *as long* as you can, and tell me *all* the stories you know.

Here the Princess was about to sign herself "Your loving and dutiful granddaughter," when it occurred to her that perhaps she ought to add something else before closing it. But the difficulty then arose; what else should she say?

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I wonder what people usually write about! The Eminent Writing-master surely should have taught me that, as well as writing, before he went away."

At that moment her glance wandered out of the open window, across the courtyard, and thence upward to the clock on top of the great tower of the castle. It was a very old clock indeed, having been put in its place by one of the Princess's ancestors many years before, and it really was a wonderful machine. Besides always giving the correct time of day, it told all sorts of curious and useful things, and, moreover, it needed winding only once a

year. But, in the whole course of its previous existence, this Tower Clock had never done anything half so strange as what Yolette saw it do now.

While she was looking at it she suddenly perceived that its face wore a look of intelligence, and seemed to return her gaze. And presently in some way the face took to itself a body and arms and legs, and, to her still greater amazement, began to descend from its tower. Then it came directly across to Yolette's window, and, resting its elbows on the ledge, looked in at her with something of a defiant air.

"Why do you desert your post and come down here?" demanded the Princess, severely.

"Simply because I am tired of staying any longer up there at my *post*, as you call it," retorted the Tower Clock, ill-humoredly. "It is a dreadful bore always to be going and never to be getting anywhere. If I were allowed to rest at night like other people, that would be something; but no, I must work, work, night and day, week in, week out, Sundays, holidays, and all other days, until this dull routine has quite used up my patience. I know it will soon use me up, too, unless I take steps to secure



YOLETTE AND THE EMINENT WRITING-MASTER.

relief. The Custodian of the Royal Timepieces wound me up for another weary year or so, this morning. Oh, how I detest that man! He is determined I shall get no rest until I drop to pieces from old age. So, as I seem doomed to be forever on the go,—thanks to his officious-



ness,—I have determined that henceforth I will go to some purpose. For several years I have been revolving in my head a plan that I have now decided to carry out. I am going to travel; and they who are wise travel straight forward, thus getting over the most ground in the least time; for a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Would you like to travel, Princess?"

"Perhaps I should like it. What shall we see in our travels?" queried the Princess.

"Oh, a great many things! The City of Stories, for—"

"The City of Stories!" Yolette interrupted, eagerly. "What is that?"

"It is the finest city in the world, and in it is a collection of all the stories ever written."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Yolette.

"If we are to visit *that* city, certainly I wish to travel. Come, let us be off at once."

"At once," repeated the Tower Clock; and, putting his long arms through the window, he lifted Yolette out, and set her upon his shoulder. Then he started across the courtyard, and strode through the palace gate as if he were afraid the Custodian of the Royal Timepieces might discover that he was running away and try to make him stop. But it chanced the King had given a grand ball the night before, and now all the guards, as well as every one else belonging to the court, were taking a forenoon nap. So the deserter got away quite unnoticed, and in a short time afterward was stalking through the open country, far beyond the reach of pursuit.

Yolette soon decided that she liked traveling. From her elevated perch on the shoulder of the Tower Clock she could see all there was to be seen, while at the same time she was being borne on toward the wonderful City of Stories.

By and by, as they were thus journeying, there suddenly sprang into the middle of the road before them a yellow-haired youth, who, somewhat to Yolette's alarm, drew his sword, crying out, in fierce tones, as he did so:

"Hold, vile enchanter! If thou dost not release the maiden instantly, then by my faith this good sword shall seek thy marrow straightway!"

To this, the Tower Clock replied with scorn:

"Young man, you are talking nonsense. I

am not an enchanter, or anything of the sort. That rusty blade of yours is far from being a good sword. And you would seek a long time for *my* marrow."

"I really beg your pardon," stammered the yellow-haired youth in some confusion. "I see I have made a mistake. I honestly thought this young lady to be a maiden in distress, and



OFF TO THE CITY OF STORIES.

so I hastened to her rescue. It is many long weeks since I set out, and it is high time I rescued some one, if I am ever going to. You don't happen to know of any one who needs rescuing, do you?" he inquired anxiously.

"No, I do not," replied the Tower Clock,

shaking his head. "Where I come from people are prudent, and seldom run any risks or get into any danger. But if you care to accompany us, we may help you to find what you are looking for. We are going far, and it will be strange if we do not meet some rash person who has got himself into trouble and is waiting to be rescued by a heroic youth, such as you are."

"You are very kind," returned the young man, joyfully; "and if you will take me—"

Ere he could finish he had been lifted to a seat on the left shoulder of the Tower Clock.

"I should like to ask why you are so eager to rescue some one?" remarked Yolette to her new companion as the Tower Clock moved on.

"It is my destiny," replied the yellow-haired youth, impressively. "*I am a third son.*"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Yolette; "I do know about them. I have heard of their doings often. I understand you now. Tell me, what great deed are you expecting to do?"

"Ah! but that is the very thing I cannot tell," answered the youth, ruefully. As a third son, I feel sure before long of slaying a giant, or a dragon, or an enchanter, or a wicked dwarf at the very least. Why, of course I *must* do something heroic sooner or later; though it does seem," he added, with a sigh, "as if the chances to perform great deeds were much scarcer than they used to be. Why is it, I wonder?"

"I cannot tell you," said the Princess, "unless it be that there have been so many third sons in the world already that the heroic deeds are now all done. But don't be downhearted; we will keep a sharp lookout as we travel on, and no doubt something or other will turn up in time. I am sure," she continued, with a look of admiration, "you must be very brave. I was quite frightened when you rushed out in front of us just now."

At these words the Tower Clock gave a contemptuous "Pooh!" and shrugged his shoulders so high as nearly to unseat the two passengers.

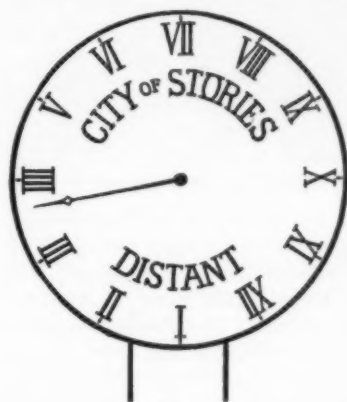
Meanwhile, as they journeyed, the Third Son did his best to cheer up, and succeeded so well that Yolette found in him a very agreeable traveling companion. He was a handsome youth, and seemed to be something better than a common peasant lad. His desire to do heroic deeds made him rather flighty at times, and he often

asked to be set down that he might stalk up to a house and ask whether any one within needed to be rescued.

As they traveled onward, by and by they came to a dial set upon a post at the roadside. It at once aroused Yolette's curiosity.

"What a queer clock!" she exclaimed. "Why do they have the VII up instead of the XII, I wonder?"

"Humph! that 's no clock," returned the Tower Clock, scornfully; "it is only a sort of thermometer, and I don't know why the VII may not as well be up as down on a mere thermometer. That dial," he explained, "shows us that the City of Stories is distant to-day about three hours and a half from where we now are. You know heat expands and cold contracts metals, roads, and days, or at least it has the same effect; for you will find you can get over less ground in a given time on a hot day than you can on a cool one. As we are now in the cool season of the year, it will not take us nearly so long to reach the City of Stories as it would if we were in the middle of summer. But you must n't suppose that three hours and a half for such short-legged creatures as men means that length of time for me. Not by a good deal, as you'll soon perceive."



THE DIAL.

In support of these last words the Tower Clock, who had been moving steadily all the while, presently brought them to the top of a little hill, and the far-famed City of Stories was suddenly disclosed to their view.

(To be continued.)

## BOB, AND JOSHUA, AND BALAAM.

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON.



"TWO LITTLE BOYS, ONE WHITE, ONE BLACK, WERE LOOKING FEARFULLY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN." (SEE PAGE 947.)

BOB, and Joshua, and Balaam went up the mountain one late summer afternoon. Joshua was a jet-black boy, *un joli petit nègre*, Natalie called him. Balaam was a donkey clever enough to talk. The clouds had been piling up all the afternoon, and Bob's mother had suggested that the drive should be short in consequence—"around the mountain," for instance. These fortunate people were living on a blessed big hill, with great peaks rising all about them, and air as fresh as the best in all the world for daily breathing. The name of the place was Onteora.

Balaam was a very slow donkey. His ears

were longer than his legs, Joshua said; and Joshua knew, for he and Balaam had been chums for three years. The boys jogged slowly around the mountain, once, twice; and then finding it monotonous, and being much interested in the mysteries of "the top," they suggested in a breath, both at once, that they should climb up to the very top, and get the view. So, much against Balaam's will, they started up the rocky path, and began the ascent. It was very interesting in the wood, dark and green and cool, and little tremblings and stirs in the underbrush suggested all sorts of beautiful possibilities to Bob—ground-squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks,

chucks, or even game. At each start or crackle in the brush one boy would cry to the other:

"Phew! that 's quail rising. We flushed 'em. My, don't I wish 'Reddy' was here!" Reddy was a setter pup.

"If I had my gun—" said Joshua.

Joshua's gun was still in the gun-shop, but he knew it well. It was a fifteen-bore gun, and he used No. 8 shot. Joshua had not lived in the mountains for nothing. The many evenings when he joined the group around the big fireplace listening to the tales of mighty hunters, had resulted in Joshua's owning a gun in fancy, in being a good shot, and in knowing the haunts of all the birds in America, especially of woodcock, which Joshua confounded in his mind with woodchuck, Bob thought, though he was too loyal to say so.

So they went on, and the path grew steeper, and other trails crossed it, and the clouds were blacker, and that dear delightful sense of being brave and yet a little afraid grew on them both. They sat very near each other. Now and then a sharp flash of lightning came. Bob said carelessly:

"I suppose there 's no good place to turn around till we get to the top."

"There 's no place here nor there," says Joshua. "Balaam 'll have to climb up a tree and down on the other side of it before he gets his nose turned to home."

"Hurry," replied Bob, listening critically to the wind rising and the rumbling thunder. "Well, we 're most there. Don't be scared, Balaam"; for Balaam's ears were wiggling rapidly, and a loud bray came suddenly from his mouth—a bray that might have flushed all the woodchucks, at least, for miles around.

"Shut up!" called Joshua. "Balaam, you 'll scare the things. Say, Bob, you know they 's cats up here on the mountain." In a loud whisper. "Someone saw one, a *cat*—last week. Ned Green, I think it was."

"Hum!" said Bob scornfully again, though he looked out of the tail of his right eye into the woods. "Hum! a cat! It might have been 'Queen Hatasu' probably. She goes everywhere alone. She 's not afraid. I wish she were here now. I 'd like to see her and feel her." Yes, Bob would have liked to see or

feel anything so homelike, so domestic, so cozy as a hearthstone kitten with a pink ribbon and a bell around her throat. It would have been a link between him and the little mother half-way down the mountain.

"Hatasu!" called Joshua scornfully. "Naw, a wild-cat, I mean—wild. Don't you know? They climbs trees and jumps on you—some calls 'em cow-panthers—when you don't expect them."

"Shut up!" said Bob crossly. "You 're a scare-cat yourself!"

"An' then there 's b'ars," continued Joshua. "I 'd ought ter know—big black b'ars—that hugs you till they 've hugged you all to nothing but a kind of red jelly. I 'd ought ter know—'t ain't my first summer here."

"Oh, be quiet!" cried Bob. "You 're a-scaring Balaam all to bits. See him tremble?" In point of fact, whether it was the thunder or the lightning or the new road or Joshua's fearful tales, Balaam was plainly very much frightened. He drew his legs together and shook all over, as a horse does when he is about to bolt; and then, as a blinding flash lit up the woods with a lurid glare, and the thunder rolled around among the hills like the sound of Waterloo battles, and the rain began to descend in torrents, Balaam took the bit in his teeth and ran away. He dashed off the stony path, struck into the very heart of the forest, over trunks and rocks, until some sixty yards on he came to grief, and the climax arrived. The cart struck a big birch. Over it went, and spilled the boys, and Balaam, kicking, braying, struggling, but helpless, wedged tightly between two high trees, waited for his fate.

"Coward!" cried Joshua in a rage.

"Poor old thing!" said Bob soothingly. "I don't wonder he 's scared. It *is* pretty bright at times, is n't it, Joshua? My, that was a big one!" as Balaam leaped again almost out of his harness. "He 's only a poor animal and he does not know—as we do—that it 's no use being frightened. It does not do any good."

"I think he smelt a b'ar," said Joshua. "They do smell 'em—horses, ponies, donkeys, and such; and it just scares 'em blind and deaf."

"If Balaam were only blind and deaf he 'd

be all right," said Bob. "It's the lightning — there, I have it!" and he began pulling off his heavy white sweater with the big red letters F. S. on the breast. "Lend a hand, Joshua!"

So Joshua lent a hand, recalling the fact that "when horses was scared folks did tie they eyes up"; and so Balaam was tied up as to his eyes and whole head in a mass of white woolen, with the two vivid scarlet initials branded on his forehead, and the sleeves of the sweater meeting securely under his head-stall behind his ears.

"Poor beast," said Bob, who loved animals. "There now!" and he patted Balaam gently on one side, while Joshua stood on the other, beating a nervous tattoo on the sweater. The donkey quieted a little. The boys dragged away the dilapidated cart, and left him, braying at intervals, not yet recovered from his paroxysm of terror.

Bob and Joshua sat on the edge of the cart, side by side, till a vivid flash recalled to their minds the fact that the wheel was rimmed with iron, remembering which they both sprang to see if Balaam needed care, and then huddled under the same tree with him, as if there were safety in numbers.

"It's the way God takes to look at the world, I think," said Bob after a pause.

"He's a-lookin' at the world all the time," said Joshua. "Did n't you know that?"

"Do you know how many worlds he has to look after?" asked Bob scornfully. "Well, go to the Fay school and you'll find out."

"Say, don't let's talk any more about God," whispered Joshua. "Hush, what's that?" for a great crash and crackle sounded very near them.

"A tree struck," Bob called out boldly.

"Hope there's no cow-panthers up it," mused the black boy. "She'd be lookin' for a new home, 'bout now, I s'pose."

"You be quiet," said Bob, "and don't you say cow-panthers again; no, nor bears either. Creatures all go to their holes when it rains. They don't like it better than — than Balaam does."

"No more do I," said Joshua, "and I would n't mind having a little den of my own jist now. 'T would n't sound loud down there,

would it? An' you would n't see this blamed lightning."

"I would not call it names," said Bob, looking about him uneasily.

"I guess this is the side of the mountain that always gets struck. There's always one side, you know."

Another crash farther away, and Balaam brayed again. The boys shivered and sat silent.

"Say, Bob," began Joshua, "I wish I had n't talked 'bout goin' into a hole in the ground. It makes me think of — you know what. What's that?"

Far down below them, coming through the woods, was a light — two lights, very near the ground and pretty close together.

"It's a b'ar's eyes, a-shining in the dark," whispered Joshua.

"Oh, *will* you be still?" asked Bob. "It can't be that, but it might be some kind of queer lightning. There's ball lightning, you know," he continued in a scientific tone, "and zigzag lightning they have, and —"

"An' grease' lightning," put in the black boy.

"And it might be going for something iron, perhaps," added Bob.

"The cart wheels," cried Joshua. "It's coming for the cart wheels — or us — Oh, it's the devil sure enough"; and the negro in him coming to the fore, he screamed at the top of his lungs.

A flash of lightning lit up the scene. One of the spectators will never forget it. The heavy swaying tree-tops, the overturned cart, Balaam with his white head and branded letters, and two little boys, one white, one black, staring wide-eyed, looking fearfully down the mountain.

"Is that you, Bob dear?" called a very cheerful, happy little voice. And then the boys heard a laugh, gay and unafraid and natural, and saw before their eyes — a lantern in each hand — the straight, small figure of Bob's mother. She had on a very smart mackintosh, and a soft felt hat, and had quite the air of starting on a very pleasant day, for a little trip somewhere. Bob saw, however, that her eyes shone like stars, yet she did not even kiss him.

"I thought I would walk up and meet you



boys — I always like to walk in the rain. And what have you done with your sweater, Bob?"

"I put it on Balaam, he was so afraid, poor fellow."

"Put it on Balaam? Why, I should think it would be too small."

"Oh, no; the sleeves would just fit his ears."

"Well, we'd better go down the mountain now," said Bob's mother cheerfully.

"And leave Balaam?"

"Certainly, leave Balaam. He can stay where he is until morning. I'm not pleased with Balaam. He has behaved very badly. He should have kept in the road."

"It was partly our fault, mama," said Bob. "We wanted to see the top of the mountain, and I don't think he could help being afraid. It was pretty — terrible."

"Terrible? Fine, great, you mean," and Bob's mother took a hand of each little boy and led them out to the mountain top, for they were really there. "Look!" And when the next flash came they all looked, and not even Balaam said a word. Such is the contagion of courage. Bob glanced at his mother curiously. "Why, I should think you'd have been afraid," he said. "You don't like snakes, you know, or the dark, and I've seen you shut your eyes in a thunderstorm when you thought I was not looking."

"But that was in the house, Bob," said his mother. "It's very different out of doors."

By this time they were well on their way down the mountain. The little woman still held a warm, boyish hand in each of hers — a black one in her left, a white one in her right — and Bob and Joshua carried the two lanterns. They were all very gay and cozy and jolly, and it seemed a great lark. Laughter rang out when Bob asked his mother why she brought two lanterns. "I did not think they were likely to be blown out both at once," she replied.

"If they had, the lightning could have started them up again," said her son drily.

"Oh, I have matches," said the mother.

"What is there to be afraid of?" asked Bob.

"Yes, what?" echoed Joshua.

At this moment a loud tread was heard behind them. It seemed like the rapid run of some large animal, and it distinctly gained

on them, for the slipping stones and crashing branches came nearer. A moment of silence in which all pretended bravely to hear nothing, and then "What's that?" cried both boys.

"That?" answered Joshua, in terror, but triumph, "that's a b'ar! I told you so!"

"It is n't a bear, is it, mama?" asked Bob.

"No, it is not, my dear. I think not. But if it is, God will protect us, and we'll protect ourselves, too. There are a great many things we can do to divert it. It's only after the lights, and we will put them quickly right here in the middle of the road, and then we'll just stand aside, and let the creature pass."

The little lanterns were placed side by side in the stony path, and the woman and children stepped into the edge of the woods.

"It is a b'ar," whispered Joshua.

"And if it is, it won't touch us. Only mother bears with their young cubs meddle with people, and this is not the time for young animals to be with their mothers, is it, mama?" said Bob.

"No, Bob, no; it is not," said Bob's mother. "Now, my darling, stand a little behind me, and if she — he — it should see us, do you boys each skin up a tree."

"Shin up, you mean, mama!" said Bob, giggling even at that painful moment.

"Don't get hysterical, Bob," called his mother. "Don't! I could n't stand that. Here she comes — stand behind me!"

"No," said Bob, in a fit of sudden bravery; "you stand behind me, mama. It's my place ahead, and, besides, I don't mind him much. I always did rather like wild animals, you know"; and plucky Bob stepped out toward the lanterns just in time to welcome Balaam as he frantically dashed toward them, the sweater and his long ears flying in the wind.

So they walked home, all four of them, very contentedly. Balaam with his head on Joshua's shoulder; for Bob was taken up with his mother, who, he discovered, had been a "dandy little mother and no mistake." He proposed stopping at one of the cottages for her sake, but the small woman remembered that Joshua had a mother, too — the cook at the Club-house, and she might be frightened. So they went all the way down, laughing and chatting as merrily as if they were at an afternoon tea in town.



## FIREFLIES UP-TO-DATE.

BY LUCY BOSTWICK.

WHAT are the mystic sparks that steal  
 Through hedges and lanes on summer nights?  
 Why, the elves and brownies are all awheel,  
 And these are their fairy 'cycle lights!

## TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT THEMSELVES.

BY MRS. M. BERNARD.

### II. HOW YOU MOVE.

ALL healthy boys and girls move about and use their bodies a great deal. If we see a child sitting and doing nothing, with feet and hands still, and not speaking a word, we think there must be something wrong—that he is ill. I dare say you are often told that you move about too much, your tongues as well as your feet making too much noise sometimes, so that grown-up people say: "Oh, children, do be quiet!" or "Do try to make less noise!"

Just think for a moment what parts of your bodies can move. When you walk or run, your legs and feet move, and when you throw or take hold of something, your arms and hands move. Now keep your arms and legs still, and see what other parts of you can move. Your head, I am sure you will say at once, as you nod or shake it. Then keep your head still, and see what else is moving. Your eyes can still look half around the room, and you can move your eyelids up and down. Your lips can move to smile, and your tongue to talk and laugh; your jaw, the big bone that makes your chin, can move to eat. Can you move any other part of your face? Your nose? Yes, just a little; and your ears? Perhaps some of you can, but probably most of you cannot.

Even if you try to keep as still as possible, you can't help some parts of your body moving. Just try. You will soon find that your eyelids close quickly over your eyes, and that you cannot keep them from doing so for very long. And even if every part outside your body is still, some part inside is always moving. Your chest is rising and falling as you breathe; your heart is beating; your blood is rushing through the little pipes all over your body; and many other parts inside you are moving whose movements you cannot feel.

Now what is it that makes all these different

parts move? Perhaps you will say: "I make them move when I like"; but although you may be said to make your leg or arm move when you walk or catch hold of something, you do not make your heart move; and even if, as you say, you do make your leg and arm move, I want you to know *how* you make them move.

When we spoke, in our last talk, of the different things of which your bodies are made, we mentioned the red muscle that lies everywhere under the skin, forming pads sometimes, and sometimes a kind of ropes. These ropes of muscle are very important, for it is they that move your arms and legs, and other parts of your body. These fleshy ropes are fastened at both ends; near each end the rope gets rather thinner, and turns into a sort of strong cord which is called a *tendon*, and these tendons are fastened to bones; they are not tied on, but they and the bones grow together. But though we have called muscles fleshy ropes, they are quite unlike ordinary ropes in one way, for they have a curious power of suddenly growing shorter and thicker. When a muscle draws itself together in this way, it is said to *contract*.

You can feel a muscle shorten and thicken if you like. Stretch your right arm out straight, then lay your left hand on it just inside and a little above the elbow, and hold firmly. Now suddenly bend up your right arm, and what do you feel? Something hard rises up under your left hand. That is the muscle which is fastened at one end to the upper part of your arm bone, and at the other to one of the two bones of the lower part of your arm, just below your elbow. When you wished or *willed* it, this muscle suddenly grew short and thick, that is, it contracted, and so pulled the lower part of your arm up.

Look at the two figures I have drawn of an arm. In Fig. 1, the lower part of the arm lies out flat, as it would if resting on a table, the elbow being half bent. *SH* is the shoulder joint,

and *EL* the elbow joint, and *M* is the muscle which passes from the upper to the lower part of the arm. *T, T,* are the tendons by which the muscle is made fast. In Fig. 2, all is the same, except that the muscle has changed its shape and is much rounder and shorter than it was in Fig. 1. By growing thicker and shorter, it has pulled the lower part of the arm up. Now you can understand that muscles, by con-

lying, especially on a soft bed, all your muscles can rest, except those which never rest, like those of the heart. During sleep, however, even your heart gets a kind of rest because it beats much more slowly.

We all have to learn to use our muscles rightly. Perhaps you have a tiny brother or sister whom you saw when it was only a day or two old. Do you remember how its little head

Fig. 1.

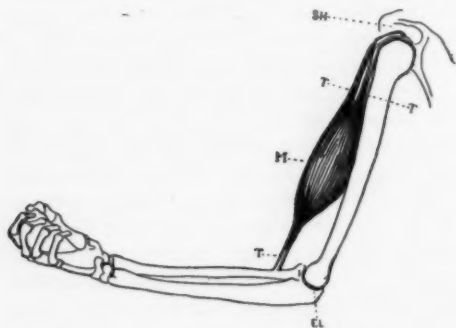
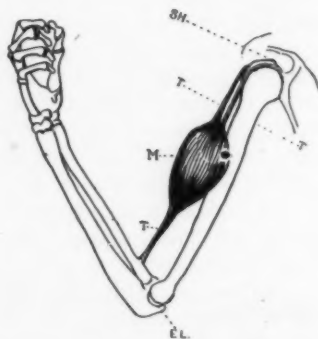


Fig. 2.



tracting, bend your arm (or leg) if they are on one side of the joint, and straighten it if they are on the other.

You have hundreds of muscles in different parts of your bodies, all contracting when necessary. All your bones are moved by means of muscles, and all the different machines of which we spoke last time — your stomach, heart, lungs — are worked with their help. Some of these muscles, as we have already said, go on working just the same whether you are awake or asleep.

You not only need to use your muscles to walk or run, but you have to use them even to stand and sit straight. Have you ever watched any one go to sleep sitting in a chair, and seen what happened? His head first nodded when he began to feel sleepy, and then when he really slept, it fell forward on his chest. Why? Because, to keep the head upright, some of the neck muscles have to be contracted, and when you fall asleep, you lose the power of making some of your muscles do their work. This is why it is so tiring to stand for a long time, and why lying down is such a rest, because when

always had to have something under it, because the baby could not hold it up? It learned to hold it up after a few weeks, but it took much longer to learn to use some of its other muscles — to stand, to walk, and to run. You all had once to learn how to do these things which now seem so easy.

If we use our muscles very much, they become strong and thick. Have you seen a strong man rowing? If you can see his bare arm, you can watch how the muscles rise up like thick ropes as he works with them.

When we speak of some one being strong, we mean that his muscles have grown powerful by being a great deal used. All of you children need to walk and run about so as to strengthen your muscles. If you were to lie down most of the day, and hardly use your legs and arms at all, your muscles would grow thin and soft, and soon you would not be able to use them any better than your baby brother or sister could at first.

You now know that you are helped to make all your movements by the contracting of your

muscles; but what is it that makes your muscles contract?

Do you remember the fine white threads we mentioned in our last talk — the nerves, which run through every part of your flesh? These all come from that wonderful machine in your head, your brain, or from a long nerve-string which passes from it down your backbone, and it is these which bring a message to the muscles when it is necessary for them to contract. They are like wonderful, living telegraph-wires carrying messages. Sometimes it seems to you as if

you yourself sent the message because you know what is going on in your brain; but at other times the brain may work and the nerves may be carrying their messages without your knowing anything about it. If your brain were hurt, so that it could not work, not one of your muscles would be able to contract.

So you are able to walk and run because your muscles can contract; and they, in contracting, are only obeying messages sent to them through the nerves which run to them from that wonderful brain that rules your body.

(To be continued.)

## THE JUMPING BEAN.

BY FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.



HERE are many varieties of plants which plainly move their leaves or flowers, but the movements these make are confined to an expansion or contraction of the fibers only. The plant as a whole remains fixed in its original place. The Jumping Bean, as it is called, possesses a more astonishing power; for it can and does change its position from one spot to another. Some time ago I came into possession of one of these beans, and was much interested and amused by its actions.

The bean is of triangular shape. It has two flat surfaces and one convex surface, and its appearance gives no hint of the powers inclosed within it. In size it is about equal to a large currant. The convex surface of the bean is coffee colored; the flat surfaces, the shade of hay. The general shape of the bean is that of an apple which has been cut away until only about two-fifths of it are left. Its likeness to an

apple is further carried out in the irregularly shaped core of a lighter color than the surrounding portions of the bean, which covers about one-third of its flat surfaces.

To all appearance, however, the bean is solid. There is no hole or crack in the shell which snugly covers it. The bean before me looks to-day just as it did when I first saw it, two months ago, and, I am told, it looked then exactly as it did when taken from its place of growth in one of the Mexican States, which is the only region in which it is found. Each of these beans has as companions two others which grow with it in one pod or berry; but of these three beans only one has any power of movement. The berries are the fruit of a peculiar species of tree.

The bean appears to have several kinds of movement. The most common movement is a sort of somersault, by which, when laid on one of its flat sides, it turns itself over on the opposite side, or perhaps on the convex side. The next is an actual jump, by which the bean rises from whatever it has been resting on, sometimes an eighth of an inch, and kicks itself ahead a quarter of an inch or so.



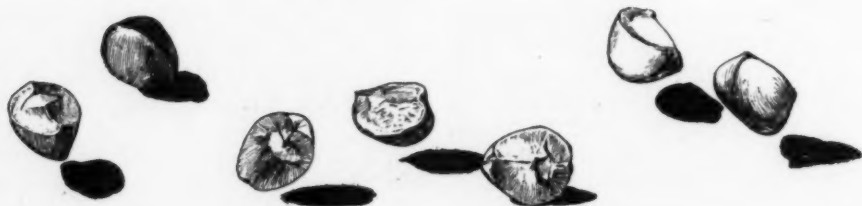
The third movement is an oscillating one, which is continued for a brief period, and then ceases, or ends in the complete somersault. Each one of these movements is unmistakable, though performed in no regular order. Moreover, at times, the bean appears to be disinclined to move, and, even when placed in the sun, which usually encourages it to perform, lies perfectly still for several minutes. Again, it will be extremely lively, and jump, rock, and slide forward and backward with hardly a stop. It would seem, too, that a very vigorous action tires it, as, after making a series of big jumps, it usually rests for a period before continuing its movements.

The best way to observe these movements is to put the bean in the sun for a few minutes, and then place it on a piece of white paper. Sometimes I have marked a circle as big as a half dollar on a sheet of foolscap and laid the bean within it. In fifteen minutes to a half hour the bean would have traveled entirely across the paper, or perhaps have moved to that distance and then back again to its first position. Apparently there is no system in its movements; for at one time it would proceed forward almost in a direct line; at another, jump up and down and scarcely progress at all. If placed in a small pasteboard box and the lid left open, its movements could be distinctly heard as it scraped against the rough surface of the box.

Why the bean moves about has not, I believe, been discovered positively. It is known, however, that in each of the Jumping Beans is a tiny worm. This worm is said to measure about one-third of an inch in length, and one-

tenth in width, and has sixteen feet. How it gets into the bean, since there is no hole in the latter, is a puzzle; but it seems likely that the egg from which the worm came was laid in the bean while it was yet soft and in its blossom form, and that the worm itself did not hatch until the shell had developed about the berry. The worm does not appear to want to get out of its nest either; for, if any hole, however small, is made in the shell of the bean, at once the inmate weaves a covering like a cobweb over the opening. The question then is: if Mr. Worm likes his home so well, why does he kick so vigorously against its walls? It is, of course, possible that he is merely taking exercise, and that the warmth of the sun or the effect of the light striking through the walls wakens him up, and makes him active. However it is, he manages, at times, to make his home go through some curious performances, and, by throwing his weight on one side or the other of it, causes it to tumble over and over, now on the side which looks like its roof, now on that which might be called its foundations. Mr. Worm usually lives only ten to twelve months, even when his house is given a regular sun-bath every day or so; but what does he live on, and how does he secure air?

Some naturalists say that he secures air through the pores in the shell of the bean, and lives on the kernel of the bean itself. They give, as a reason for his movements, that in his native land an insect which always lives near the tree which bears these beans eats up Mr. Worm by boring through the shell of his house, and that it is to escape from these enemies that the worm kicks about in such lively fashion.

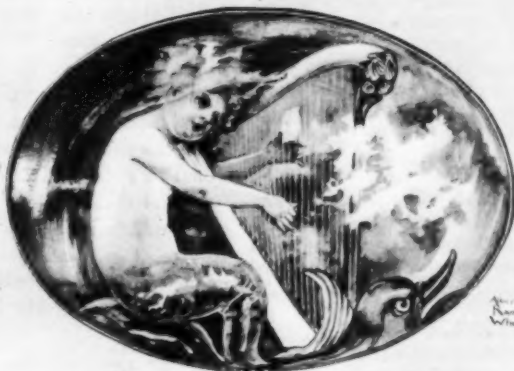


Air



Earth.

Sea.



NATURE'S MUSIC.

# THE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Begun in the June number.*]

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SEA OF SAND AND ITS MARVELS.

LEAVING Turkestan, and entering China to the eastward of Kashgar and Yarkand, Marco Polo crossed the western end of the Great Sandy Desert of Gobi, or Shamo, otherwise known to the Chinese as the Sea of Sand. This vast extent of desert extends over forty degrees of latitude, and has never been fully explored even in our own day. In Marco's time it was a haunt of mystery, thought to be peopled by the strange creatures of the air. That part traversed by Marco is narrow, and he crossed it in a southwesterly direction. Here is his account of the Desert of Lop, or, as it is sometimes called, Lob :

Lop is a large town at the edge of the Desert, which is called the Desert of Lop, and is situated between east and north-east. It belongs to the Great Kaan, and the people worship Mahomet. Now, such persons as propose to cross the Desert take a week's rest in this town to refresh themselves and their cattle; and then they make ready for the journey, taking with them a month's supply for man and beast. On quitting this city they enter the Desert.

The length of this Desert is so great that 't is said it would take a year and more to ride from one end of it to the other. And here, where its breadth is least, it takes a month to cross it. 'T is all composed of hills and valleys of sand, and not a thing to eat is to be found on it. But after riding for a day and a night you find fresh water, enough mayhap for some fifty or a hundred persons with their beasts, but not for more. And all across the Desert you will find water in like manner, that is to say, in some twenty-eight places altogether you will find good water, but in no great quantity; and in four places also you find brackish water.

Beasts there are none; for there is naught for them to eat. But there is a marvellous thing related of this Desert, which is that when travellers are on the move by night, and one of them chanceth to lag behind, or to fall asleep or the like, when he tries to gain his company again he will hear spirits talking, and will suppose them

to be his comrades. Sometimes the spirits will call him by name; and thus shall a traveller oftentimes be led astray so that he never finds his party. And in this way many have perished. Sometimes the stray travellers will hear as it were the tramp and hum of a great cavalcade of people away from the real line of road, and taking this to be their own company they will follow the sound; and when day breaks they find that a cheat has been put on them and that they are in an ill plight. Even in the daytime one hears those spirits talking. And sometimes you shall hear the sound of a variety of musical instruments, and still more commonly the sound of drums. Hence in making this journey 't is customary for travellers to keep close together. All the animals too have bells at their necks, so that they cannot easily get astray. And at sleeping-time a signal is put up to show the direction of the next march.

So thus it is that the Desert is crossed.

It is likely that this tale of the desert, told by Marco Polo, was one of those which gave him a bad name among people who were ignorant of what really goes on in the midst of a vast desert. From the earliest times men have associated deserts of land or sea with mystery; and all sorts of evil spirits were believed to inhabit the waste places of the earth. And those who heard Marco's stories, or read them afterward, thought that they were the idle tales of oriental romancers.

But it is true, nevertheless, that strange sounds are often produced by the shifting of the sands, especially in the night, after a hot day, when the sand cools and the wind blows. It would be easy for a superstitious person to believe that these sounds were the voices of unseen creatures in the air. Sometimes the sounds are like those of a bell, or of a drum: and scientific writers have described the places where they have been heard in various parts of the world.

In the story of "The Boy Emigrants," published in *ST. NICHOLAS*, in 1876, the author tells of a lad who hears, in the midst of the Great American Desert, as it was once called,

the nine-o'clock bell ringing in his New England home, far away. This really happened, and the author of the book actually thought he heard the bell ring. So, too, the same party of boy emigrants saw what they thought were trees, water, and lovely hills floating just above the edge of the desert. That was a mirage; and people have seen on the sea-coast a strange apparition of towers, palaces, and lofty pinnacles, most beautiful to behold. This is a natural phenomenon, and is called the *fata Morgana*. So much for this "marvelous" story, which no doubt has been called "one of Marco Polo's lies."

In what he says about the fabulous salamander you will find some more truth; but he uses it to put to ridicule an ancient fable. Here is his account:

Chingintalas is also a province at the verge of the Desert, and lying between northwest and north. It has an extent of sixteen days' journey, and belongs to the Great Kaan, and contains numerous towns and villages. There are three different races of people in it—Idolaters, Saracens, and some Nestorian Christians. At the northern extremity of this province there is a mountain in which are excellent veins of steel and ondanique. And you must know that in the same mountain there is a vein of the substance from which Salamander is made. For the real truth is that the Salamander is no beast, as they allege in our part of the world, but is a substance found in the earth; and I will tell you about it.

Everybody must be aware that it can be no animal's nature to live in fire, seeing that every animal is composed of all the four elements. Now I, Marco Polo, had a Turkish acquaintance of the name of Zurficar, and he was a very clever fellow. And this Turk related how he had lived three years in that region on behalf of the Great Kaan, in order to procure those Salamanders for him. He said that the way they got them was by digging in that mountain till they found a certain vein. The substance of this vein was then taken and crushed, and when so treated it divides as it were into fibres of wool, which they set forth to dry. When dry, these fibres were pounded in a great copper mortar, and then washed, so as to remove all the earth, and to leave only the fibres like fibres of wool. These were then spun, and made into napkins. When first made, these napkins are not very white, but by putting them into the fire for a while they come out as white as snow. And so again whenever they become dirty they are bleached by being put in the fire.

Now this, and naught else, is the truth about the Salamander, and the people of the country all say the same. Any other account of the matter is fabulous nonsense. And I may add that they have at Rome a napkin of this stuff, which the Grand Kaan sent to the Pope.

Modern geographers are uncertain as to the precise location of the province of Chingintalas; but it is probable that it lies somewhere east of Kamul, in Chinese Tartary. The story of the salamander, an animal which could pass unharmed through the fire, is one of the oldest in the world. The ancient Greeks believed in it; and in the middle ages it was believed that the salamander's body was covered with a soft white wool which could be made into threads, and spun and woven into cloth. But the general belief was that the creature was like a lizard in shape; and it was said that if one would keep a fire burning for one whole year and one day without its ever once going out, a salamander would appear in the live coals to play about.

So far as we know, Marco Polo was the first to dispose of this fable, and tell the truth about the salamander. The stuff called by the Tartars "salamander's wool" was merely asbestos, a mineral substance with a considerable fiber, which can be spun out and woven. It is indestructible by fire; and the crude mass may be cleaned and made into sheets for various purposes, such as wrapping steam-pipes and water-pipes, as is done in our own country. The salamander is heard of no more. The "ondanique" of which our traveler speaks is a very superior kind of iron ore from which the orientals made their famous steel sword blades, which were of so exceeding fine temper that a blade could be doubled into a loop without its breaking.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW KUBLAI KHAN DEFEATED PRESTER JOHN.

Now we come to a fabulous personage whose existence was generally believed in by Europeans for hundreds of years and up to the time of Columbus. This was Prester John, a Christian prince, who was supposed to reign over a rich and powerful kingdom somewhere in Central Asia "east of Armenia and Persia," which is a pretty vague way of putting the case. Sometimes he was said to reign on the eastern coast of Africa; and his name was shortened from Presbyter to Prester. Several European potentates sent letters to Prester John, and

tried to find him and his kingdom. But the mysterious sovereign was never found. What Marco Polo says about Prester John, therefore, must be taken with many degrees of allowance for the superstitions of the time. What he says about Jenghiz Khan, however, is worthy of respect and belief; and this account of the origin of the Mongol Empire is interesting, for this is history which Marco gives us now.

#### OF CHINGHIS, AND HOW HE BECAME THE FIRST KAAN OF THE TARTARS.

Now it came to pass in the year 1187 that the Tartars made them a King whose name was CHINGHIS KAAH. He was a man of great worth, and of great ability, eloquence, and valor. And as soon as the news that he had been chosen King was spread abroad through those countries, all the Tartars in the world came to him and owned him for their Lord. And right well did he maintain the Sovereignty they had given him. What shall I say? The Tartars gathered to him in astonishing multitude, and when he saw such numbers he made a great furniture of spears and arrows and such other arms as they used, and set about the conquest of all those regions till he had conquered eight provinces. When he conquered a province he did no harm to the people or their property, but merely established some of his own men in the country along with a proportion of theirs, whilst he led the remainder to the conquest of other provinces. And when those whom he had conquered became aware how well and safely he protected them against all others, and how they suffered no ill at his hands, and saw what a noble prince he was, then they joined him heart and soul and became his devoted followers. And when he had thus gathered such a multitude that they seemed to cover the earth, he began to think of conquering a great part of the world. Now in the year 1200 he sent an embassy to Prester John, and desired to have his daughter to wife. But when Prester John heard that Chinghis Kaan demanded his daughter in marriage he waxed very wroth, and said to the Envoys: "What impudence is this, to ask my daughter to wife? Wist he not well that he was my liegeman and serf? Get ye back to him and tell him that I had liefer set my daughter in the fire than give her in marriage to him, and that he deserves death at my hand, rebel and traitor that he is!" So he bade the Envoys begone at once, and never come into his presence again. The Envoys, on receiving this reply, departed straightway, and made haste to their master, and related all that Prester John had ordered them to say, keeping nothing back.

#### HOW CHINGHIS MUSTERED HIS PEOPLE TO MARCH AGAINST PRESTER JOHN.

When Chinghis Kaan heard the brutal message that Prester John had sent him, such rage seized him that his heart came nigh to bursting within him, for he was a

man of a very lofty spirit. At last he spoke, and that so loud that all who were present could hear him: "Never more might he be prince if he took not revenge for the brutal message of Prester John, and such revenge that insult never in this world was so dearly paid for. And before long Prester John should know whether he were his serf or no!"

So then he mustered all his forces, and levied such a host as never before was seen or heard of, sending word to Prester John to be on his defence. And when Prester John had sure tidings that Chinghis was really coming against him with such a multitude, he still professed to treat it as a jest and a trifle, for, quoth he, "These be no soldiers." Natheless he marshalled his forces and mustered his people, and made great preparations, in order that if Chinghis did come, he might take him and put him to death. In fact, he marshalled such an host of many different nations that it was a world's wonder.

And so both sides gat them ready to battle. Chinghis Kaan with all his host arrived at a vast and beautiful plain which was called TANDUC, belonging to Prester John, and there he pitched his camp; and so great was the multitude of his people that it was impossible to number them. And when he got tidings that Prester John was coming, he rejoiced greatly, for the place afforded a fine and ample battle-ground, so he was right glad to tarry for him there, and greatly longed for his arrival.

#### HOW PRESTER JOHN MARCHED TO MEET CHINGHIS.

Now the story goes that when Prester John became aware that Chinghis with his host was marching against him, he went forth to meet him with all his forces, and advanced until he reached the same plane of Tanduc, and pitched his camp over against that of Chinghis Kaan, at a distance of twenty miles. And then both armies remained at rest for two days that they might be fresher and heartier for battle.

So when the two great hosts were pitched on the plains of Tanduc as you have heard, Chinghis Kaan one day summoned before him his astrologers, both Christians and Saracens, and desired them to let him know which of the two hosts would gain the battle, his own or Prester John's. The Saracens tried to ascertain, but were unable to give a true answer; the Christians, however, did give a true answer, and showed manifestly beforehand how the event should be. For they got a cane and split it lengthwise, and laid one half on this side and one half on that, allowing no one to touch the pieces. And one piece of cane they called *Chinghis Kaan*, and the other piece they called *Prester John*. And then they said to Chinghis: "Now mark! and you will see the event of the battle, and who shall have the best of it; for whose cane soever shall get above the other, to him shall victory be." He replied that he would fain see it, and bade them begin. Then the Christian astrologers read a Psalm out of the Psalter, and went through other incantations. And lo! whilst all were beholding, the cane that bore the name of Chinghis Kaan, without



being touched by anybody, advanced to the other that bore the name of Prester John, and got on the top of it. When the Prince saw that, he was greatly delighted, and seeing how in this matter he found the Christians to tell the truth, he always treated them with great respect, and held them for men of truth forever after.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN CHINGHIS KAAH AND  
PRESTER JOHN.

And after both sides had rested well those two days they armed for the fight and engaged in desperate com-

It is difficult to understand that "Christian" men were among the astrologers who practised magical arts to find out whether the Great Khan or his adversary would be victorious in the battle that was to be fought. We know, however, that Jenghiz Khan was one of the mighty conquerors of that age; and that he was the victor in the fight with the so-called Prester John we need have no doubt. Rods and wands have been used for divining purposes all



TARTARS ON THE MARCH. (SEE PAGE 959.)

bat; and it was the greatest battle that ever was seen. The numbers that were slain on both sides were very great, but in the end Chinghis Kaan obtained the victory. And in the battle Prester John was slain. And from that time forward, day by day, his kingdom passed into the hands of Chinghis Kaan till the whole was conquered.

I may tell you that Chinghis Kaan reigned six years after this battle, engaged continually in conquest, and taking many a province and city and stronghold. But at the end of those six years he went against a certain castle that was called CAAJU, and there he was shot with an arrow in the knee, so that he died of his wound. A great pity it was, for he was a valiant man and a wise.

over the world, and in some parts of the world they are used to this day; not only in Oriental countries, where the people are ignorant and superstitious, but in America. Money-diggers, or men hunting for buried treasure, pretend to find the gold underground by means of divining rods; and others hunt for water with wands, or forked sticks from a green tree, the notion being that the stick will bend down to the earth when the "diviner" walks over an underground spring.

## CHAPTER IX.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF A STRANGE  
PEOPLE.

MARCO is now on familiar ground, and the accounts which he gives us of the manners and customs of the Tartars, both in peace and war, are not only entertaining but true to life.

## CONCERNING THE CUSTOMS OF THE TARTARS.

Now that we have begun to speak of the Tartars, I have plenty to tell you on that subject. The Tartar custom is to spend the winter in warm plains, where they find good pasture for their cattle, whilst in summer they betake themselves to a cool climate among the mountains and valleys, where water is to be found as well as woods and pastures.

Their houses are circular, and are made of wands covered with felts. These are carried along with them whithersoever they go; for the wands are so strongly bound together, and likewise so well combined, that the frame can be made very light. Whenever they erect these huts the door is always to the south. They also have wagons covered with black felt so efficaciously that no rain can get in. These are drawn by oxen and camels, and the women and children travel in them. The women do the buying and selling, and whatever is necessary to provide for the husband and household; for the men all lead the life of gentlemen, troubling themselves about nothing but hunting and hawking, and looking after their goshawks and falcons, unless it be the practice of warlike exercises.

They live on the milk and meat which their herds supply, and on the produce of the chase; and they eat all kinds of flesh, including that of horses and dogs, and Pharaoh's rats, of which last there are great numbers in burrows on those plains.

## CONCERNING THE TARTAR CUSTOMS OF WAR.

All their harness of war is excellent and costly. Their arms are bows and arrows, sword and mace; but above all the bow, for they are capital archers, indeed the best that are known. On their backs they wear armor of cuirbouly, prepared from buffalo and other hides, which is very strong. They are excellent soldiers, and passing valiant in battle. They are also more capable of hardships than other nations; for many a time, if need be, they will go for a month without any supply of food, except milk and such game as their bows may win them. Their horses also will subsist entirely on the grass of the plains, so that there is no need to carry store of barley or straw or oats: and they are very docile to their riders. These, in case of need, will abide on horseback the livelong night, armed at all points, while the horse will be continually grazing.

Of all troops in the world these are they which endure

the greatest hardship and fatigue, and which cost the least; and they are the best of all for making wide conquests of country. And this you will perceive from what you have heard and shall hear in this book; and (as a fact) there can be no manner of doubt that now they are the masters of the biggest half of the world. Their troops are admirably ordered in the manner that I shall now relate.

You see, when a Tartar prince goes forth to war, he takes with him, say, 100,000 horse. Well, he appoints an officer to every ten men, one to every hundred, one to every thousand, and one to every ten thousand, so that his own orders have to be given to ten persons only, and each of these ten persons has to pass the orders only to other ten, and so on; no one having to give orders to more than ten. And every one in turn is responsible only to the officer immediately over him; and the discipline and order that comes of this method is marvellous, for they are a people very obedient to their chiefs. Further, they call the corps of 100,000 men a *Tue*; that of 10,000 they call a *Toman*; the thousand they call *Miny*; the hundred *Gus*; the ten *On*. And when the army is on the march they have always 200 horsemen, very well mounted, who are sent a distance of two marches in advance to reconnoitre, and these always keep ahead. They have a similar party detached in the rear, and on either flank, so that there is a good lookout kept on all sides against a surprise. When they are going on a distant expedition they take no gear with them except two leather bottles for milk, a little earthenware pot to cook their meat in, and a little tent to shelter them from rain. And in case of great urgency they will ride ten days without lighting a fire or taking a meal.

They also have milk dried into a kind of paste to carry with them; and when they need food they put this into water, and beat it up till it dissolves, and then drink it. It is prepared in this way: they boil the milk, and when the rich part floats on the top they skim it into another vessel, and of that they make butter; for the milk will not become solid till this is removed. Then they put the milk into the sun to dry. And when they go on an expedition, every man takes some ten pounds of this dried milk with him. And of a morning he will take a half pound of it and put it in his leather bottle, with as much water as he pleases. So, as he rides along, the milk-paste and the water in the bottle get well churned together into a kind of pap, and that makes his dinner.

When they come to an engagement with the enemy, they will gain the victory in this fashion. They never let themselves get into a regular medley, but keep perpetually riding round and shooting into the enemy. And as they do not count it any shame to run away in battle, they will sometimes pretend to do so, and in running away they turn in the saddle and shoot hard and strong at the foe, and in this way make great havoc. Their horses are trained so perfectly that they will double hither and thither, just like a dog, in a way that is quite astonishing. Thus they fight to as good purpose in running away as if they stood and faced the enemy, because of

the vast volleys of arrows that they shoot in this way, turning round upon their pursuers, who are fancying that they have won the battle. But when the Tartars see that they have killed and wounded a good many horses and men, they wheel round bodily, and return to the charge in perfect order and with loud cries; and in a very short time the enemy are routed. In truth they are stout and valiant soldiers, and inured to war. And you perceive that it is just when the enemy sees them run, and imagines that he has gained the battle, that he has in reality lost it; for the Tartars wheel round in a moment when they judge the right time has come. And after this fashion they have won many a fight.

All this that I have been telling you is true of the manners and customs of the genuine Tartars. But I must add also that in these days they are greatly degenerated; for those who are settled in Cathay have taken up the practices of the Idolaters of the country, and have abandoned their own institutions; whilst those who have settled in the Levant have adopted the customs of the Saracens.

The huts in which the Tartars lived in Marco Polo's time were just like those used to-day by the wandering tribes of Central Asia. These slight houses were built of a light frame-work of osiers, or willow wands, bent to form a rounded, dome-like hut; and this was covered with felt, or cloth, made waterproof by being soaked in tallow or milk. Some of the larger huts were built on wheels, and when the tribe was traveling, the chiefs and their families would ride within one of these big vehicles very comfortably, if not luxuriously. One traveler, Friar Rubruquis, who saw some of the Tartars on their march, measured the space between the wheels of one of the great wagons and

found it to be twenty feet. "The axle," he says, "was like a ship's mast, and twenty-two oxen were yoked to the wagon eleven abreast." One of the huts which Rubruquis saw was thirty feet in diameter and projected ten feet beyond the wheels.

The animals to which Marco refers as "Pharaoh's rats" were probably a species of marmot, very common in Egypt, Asia Minor, and Central Asia, and sometimes called the jerboa. Behind it is formed like a long-legged little beast and is a famous jumper, like the kangaroo rat, which it closely resembles. The creature feeds on grass and roots, like our American "prairie dog," and its flesh is esteemed a delicacy.

The Tartars fought with bows and arrows of great power and weight, with which they wrought havoc among their enemies, so that they were known among the other nations as "The Archers." They made shields and other harness for warlike purposes of leather which had been boiled and then molded to any desired form while it was soft and warm. This is the "cuirbouly" alluded to by Marco.

You will see that the Tartars of those far-off days knew how to condense milk, although we regard that process as a modern invention. Marco says that they dried the milk in the sun. We can understand how some of his critics would laugh at the notion that milk could be dried to a paste. But Marco is right for it can be done, nevertheless.

(To be continued.)

## A BOUNDLESS SEA.

BY M. L. B. BRANCH.

BENNY was a little boy who lived by a river that ran into the great ocean, and he liked to sail ships so well that his father made him six, all of a size, with a boom and a gaff and two sails apiece. They were not really ships, but he called them so. This was Benny's fleet, and in a little cove, where the water was not too deep nor too rough, he took great delight in sailing his ships. They were

named "Pearl," "Phœbe," "Dolphin," "Star," "Racer," and "Kate."

Now, there was a great stirring about in Benny's family, for grandpa, who lived away out west, and who had a ranch there, had written to them to come and join him, and help him raise sheep and horses. So they began to pack up their things; but, as they could not take all, they sold some, and some they

gave away. Papa told Benny he had better give his ships to his playmates.

"Why, no," said Benny; "I can't do without my ships! I'll give the boys my checkers and my ninepins, but I can't give away my ships. I love my ships!"

And, with his mama's help, he packed them the next day carefully in a box, along with her five o'clock teacups.

"There is n't even a brook on the ranch!" papa said to mama; "and all the water has to be pumped with windmills."

"Never mind," she replied. "Benny has to leave the sea he loves, but he shall not leave his ships. It may make him happy to look at them and to remember."

In another month the little family reached the far-off ranch, where grandpa welcomed them. Benny was very happy. He had a pony to ride upon, and a dog to follow him, and some lambs were given to him for his own. For three weeks Benny did not say one word about his ships, but he did not forget them. Wherever he went, he looked about to see if there was a pond or a brook, though ever so little, but there was not one.

"Do you like it here, Benny?" asked grandpa, at the end of three weeks, as they stood looking over the billowy plains and pastures.

"Yes, grandpa, I do," said Benny, pat-

ting his dog's head. "All I want now is a brook."

And then he told his grandpa that he had brought six ships named Pearl, Phœbe, Dolphin, Star, Racer, and Kate.

Grandpa whistled, and then he laughed.

"We must sail them!" he exclaimed.

"But there is no water," said Benny.

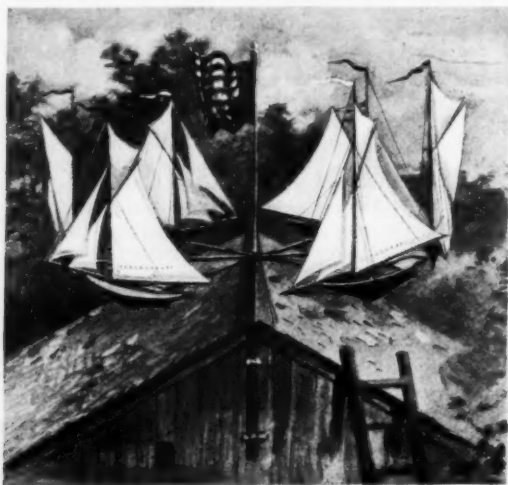
"Water is not the only element, nor the only fluid," said grandpa. "Water does n't swell the sails."

"No, the wind does that," Benny admitted.

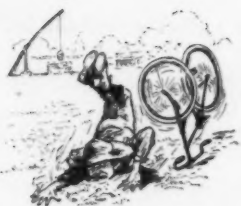
Grandpa now went to work and made a frame with six arms, and on each arm he fastened a ship. On the top of his barn he fixed a strong pivot, and on the pivot he put the frame, like a wheel on its axle. When he came down from the ladder, a little breeze was filling the sails, and the ships were gently careering around. By and by it blew harder, and the ships increased their speed. Benny shouted for joy, and called everybody to see.

"They are going sixty knots an hour," said his father.

So now the ships had a place where they could sail east, west, south, north, and many a time they went so fast that nobody could tell, not even Benny, which was Pearl, or which was Phoebe, or which was Dolphin, or Star, or Racer, or Kate.



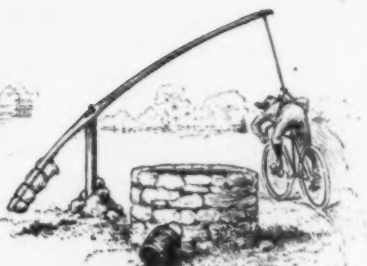
"THE SHIPS COULD SAIL EAST, WEST, SOUTH, AND NORTH."



Quite...unexpected...



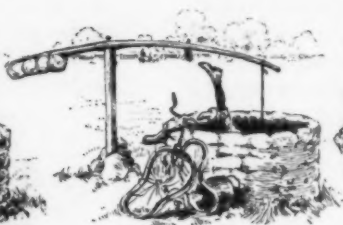
But he does not lose heart.



And thinks he finds an easier way.



But runs into the wall.



And gets his ideas on bicycling cooled off.



But help is at hand so that  
All is well that ends well.

THE FARMER-BOY'S FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH HIS BICYCLE.

## THREE LITTLE SCIENTISTS.

By E. A. BLASHFIELD.

THREE brave little men, as wise as could be,  
Determined to visit the depths of the sea,  
And put to the test a plan of their own  
Better than any the world had yet known.

So they set out from port in a basket of straw,  
With glasses to study whatever they saw;

But soon through each crevice the water  
soaked in,  
And they sank to the goal they intended to win.



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Down on the bottom they land with a bump.  
"How simple!" they cry, as out they all jump;

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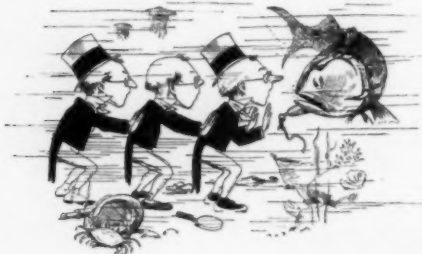


Then each little sage sets to work with a will  
In the cause of great Science long pages to fill.



When wearied at last, they think with concern,  
"It surely is time for our homeward return."  
But how to get back? For, strange as it seems,  
This problem so puzzling ne'er entered their  
dreams.

To increase their perplexity, fright, and dismay,  
A monstrous great fish came swimming that  
way,



Which made them all quake in their six little shoes  
Till the fish kindly said: "My appearance  
excuse.

"I would not hurt man, though man has hurt  
me —

If you look in my gills a great hook you will  
see."

"We 'll gladly remove it," the brave three re-  
plied,

"If you in return will give us a ride."

"Least said soonest mended." The hook was  
removed;

The fish said its health would be greatly im-  
proved.

Then up through the deeps the fish takes his  
course,

While the three sit astride on their novel sea-  
horse.



I am happy to say they came safely to  
shore,

Somewhat sadder, no doubt, but more wise  
than before,

Having learned, at some cost, that when plan-  
ning to roam

It is well to provide for a way to get home.



## POEMS.

BY MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.

OUR readers will remember with pleasure the "Poems by a Child" printed on pages 856 and 857 of our August number. This month we publish three more poems by Margaret Mauro. "Ye Romaunce of Ye Oldenne Tyme," printed on pages 918 and 919, and illustrated by Mr. Birch, is a remarkable composition for a girl of twelve, and the two poems which follow are also very creditable indeed, considering the age of the young author.

### THE UNKNOWN BIRD.

HE sings where, bending in soft repose,  
The willow-boughs rise and sink,  
When the sunset glows with crimson and rose  
And opal and pearl and pink.  
Oh, the waving boughs that are bending o'er  
So softly swayed by the wind—  
With a mist of green-gray leaves before,  
And a melody sweet behind!

He does not sing in the eye of day  
When men are awake to hear,  
And he does not trill his silver lay  
Into a human ear.  
But when the rest of the sweet-voiced throng  
Are leaving the darkened sky,  
He pours the rich incense of his song  
At the altar of the Most High.

Few ears are awake to hear him sing,  
Few eyes are opened to see  
The bird who weaveth a silver string  
For the harp of minstrelsy.  
But that silver call from the willow tall  
By the all-hearing ear is heard;  
And he who noteth the sparrows fall  
Will care for the Unknown Bird.

### MY FLOWERS.

*(Written in acknowledgment of a gift of potted plants.)*

My flowers with their sweet perfumes,  
Their balmy, rustling sighs,  
Op'ning their fragrant, winged blooms  
And smiling to the skies;  
Fair as the bright sun's dancing ray,  
Whose light and warmth they seek;  
And sweeter than a minstrel's lay  
The language that they speak.

First, Cinneraria's blossoms sweet  
From green-wrapped buds uncloze,

And where her flame-lipped petals meet  
A purple center glows.  
You catch the sunbeams bright that dart  
Across the shadows cold,  
And store them in your purple heart  
Until 't is flecked with gold.

Geranium's branching stalks upturn  
Their close buds to the light,  
Waiting for blooms that soon will burn  
With ruby colors bright.  
She has not yet begun to show  
Those blossoms blushing fair,  
But soon her tall green tree, I know,  
Some clustering fruit will bear.

Then Hyacinth's young buds begin  
To show her leaves between,  
As if they locked some secret in  
Their tightly folded green;  
But soon those buds, though folded fast,  
Beginning to uncurl,  
Disclose their secret sweet at last,  
A blossom pure as pearl.

Fair, graceful, feathery Maidenhair,  
Well hast thou won thy name.  
No pearly blooms thy tall stems bear,  
No blossom lipped with flame,  
But the fair sky looks down to see,  
With her soft eyes of blue,  
More graceful, waving locks on thee,  
Than ever maiden knew.

Aunt Abby, you have always known  
I hold all flowers dear,  
They speak with me—they breathe their own  
Sweet secrets in my ear;  
The forest leaves could not express,  
If tongues they all should be,  
The daily joy and happiness  
Your blossoms give to me.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

### EDITORIAL NOTE.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. G. H. Yenowine for the photographs and originals used in illustrating both of the articles on Eugene Field in our last number. Mr. Yenowine owns the original manuscript of Eugene Field's first poem, "Christmas Treasures," and he kindly obtained for us the admirable photographs of Eugene Field and his little son, "Posey," and also the facsimile copies of "Little Boy Blue" and the inscription for Posey's plate.

### KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years and don't know now how I could do without you. I am eleven years old and have lived in Kansas City seven years.

We came here from New York when I was four years old, too young to read you. You have been in our family for many years, and before there was a ST. NICHOLAS we took "Our Young Folks," which afterward was merged in ST. NICHOLAS. Mama gave me a little party the other evening. We had such a nice time. When school is out we can go to the parks for picnics. Some of the Kansas City parks are very beautiful.

Some Indians who have been in Kansas City, Kan., came over to see our city, the other day. They were taken to the top of one of our highest buildings, the New York Life Insurance Building. One said, on looking around, "Heap smoke—heap brick wigwam, big 'nough plenty squaw, plenty pappoose." They were frightened dreadfully when they rode down in the elevator.

I look forward every month to reading you, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Good-by. HAROLD C—.

### { BELVIDERE, near KNYSNA, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and I live at Belvidere, which is separated from the town of Knysna by the Knysna River, which here widens out into a lake three miles wide. Belvidere has a beautiful harbor. The entrance is called The Heads, and it has high hills on each side, which are one hundred and sixty yards apart. The bar is rocky, and has eighteen feet of water over it at high tide.

We live on a farm which belongs to my uncle. I go to school with seven of my cousins; two of them, named Walter and George, stay with us, and we go to school together.

The other day my uncle was out shooting bucks, when his dogs caught a small hare. He brought it home, and gave it to my cousin Madge. She feeds it on milk; it is just learning to eat grass now.

I have two cats. The old one is four years old. Her name is "Keen." On her birthday she always has a picnic, and asks all her friends. She catches rats and moles and

sometimes snakes. This evening she caught one and brought it into the house; she and her kitten were playing with it when we killed it.

My uncle has a good many ostriches. They make nests in the sand out on the hills. When he thinks the little ones must be hatched, he goes and gets them and brings them to the house, because if they are left with the old birds they get so wild that they cannot be caught to be plucked. They are then put in an enclosure and fed on cabbage leaves, small stones and chopped-up bones. They are very pretty when they are quite small.

A friend of my mother's, in England, has been sending you to me since the beginning of the year. I like you very much and look forward to your coming.

From your loving reader, IRENE T—.

### WAVELAND, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a black cat named "Tommy." He is black all over, and has a scar on his side near his hind legs. He had it when we found him.

We go crabbing every day, and to-day I caught nineteen crabs. The water is full of shrimps. This is a part of the Mississippi Sound. Down at Bay of St. Louis there is an old sunken warship.

I have been to Jefferson Davis's home in Mississippi City. We just got a glance at it. In the dining-room was the bust of Mr. Davis. I saw his library and then we had to go. Your reader, WILLIAM K. D—.

### INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much pleased to see my name on the honor roll of the "Fairy Godmother Puzzle."

About two weeks before the time to hand it in I started to work on it. I had to work hard to finish as much as I did, and at almost the last moment was going to back out, but thought of all the work thrown away. Not thrown away, either, for I learned very much by looking up different things. It was very exciting, and like playing a game of detective. Thinking of a possible answer, and diving into some book to find it, then catching a glimpse of another clue, just turning the corner, and searching for that. And, too, acting on some suggestion, even though it turned out a mistaken one, I would perhaps get interested and learn a lot by reading an article through.

I enjoy your stories very much, and enjoy reading the old bound volumes. It is very interesting to read of the little friends' joys and sorrows in the "Letter-Box," though I am glad to say they are usually joys. I think that while writing to ST. NICHOLAS no sorrowful thoughts are apt to come to one's mind.

I must tell you of a storm we had last summer. It had been raining hard all night, and I had been enjoying the lightning and thunder, never thinking of the little lives out in it. The next morning I started out for my lesson, and when about a half mile from the house I noticed a great many sparrows lying dead on the ground,

and soon I found myself tip-toeing to keep from stepping on them. There were hundreds. They must have been in some large tree that had been struck by lightning. Still I cannot understand why so many should be in one tree. But perhaps it is true with birds as well as with people, that "misery loves company," and that the frightened birds had all huddled into the same tree.

With love and wishes for a prosperous future, I am one of your many readers.

MARY E. D—.

WELLINGTON, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will write you a short letter from my sunny State.

I suppose most of the readers who live in the East must imagine this a very unpleasant place to live; but if they should visit us I am pretty sure they would change their minds. We have such delightful climate that we can stand the wind.

The numerous cyclones always recall to my mind the one we had 9 P. M., May 27, 1892. It swept away a good part of our little city, which is mostly rebuilt now. Before that eventful night we thought nothing of wind, but now, visit our city, and see the many caves which have been dug for the safety of the people! I hope that your city will never be visited by a cyclone.

If you think my letter worthy, I should be pleased to see it printed, if not, I will try again.

Your loving friend,

GEORGIA S—.

WALTHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICK: I am a little girl nine years old, and this is the first time I ever wrote to you. My brother has taken you two years or more. My little sister Hazel is almost three years old, and is very cunning.

One night we had cake with chocolate frosting, and she was eating the frosting and not the cake, and mama told her to eat the cake, too, and she said, "It might make me nervous."

Your affectionate friend,

ELSIE A. B—.

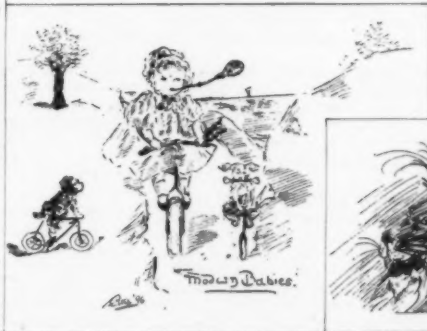
GENEVA, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a few little pictures, which I hope you will like.

I like you immensely, and could n't get on without you. I am twelve years old. Papa bought me a bicycle a few days ago, and I ride it everywhere. There is hardly any one 'round here who has n't one. I hope you will be printed forever.

Your loving,

ELIZABETH R—.



BATAVIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a very pretty town in the western part of the State.

My grandfather always sent your paper to me while he lived, and now my father gives it to me. I enjoy it very much.

I have a black cat named "Ubiquity," so named because she seems to have the power of being in more than one place at once.

I remain ever your willing reader,

FRANCES R. A—.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and enjoy you very much. This is the second time I have been to St. Paul. I have traveled a great many times. My sister and I have a wheel, and we ride a good deal. We were in Washington last winter, and we had no snow, except in March, when we had one or two little snow-storms that did not last long. Before we left we shook hands with the President in his office. Mr. Miller, the Eternal Revenue, introduced us.

I remain your devoted reader, LOTTIE V F—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a black cat I had. When we lived in Oswego, N. Y., we had a very large house with a wood-shed. Well, one summer a great many skunks made a nest under the wood-shed. We soon got very weary of these objectionable animals. So my papa took a piece of meat, and put some poison on the meat, then he put the meat in a small hole under the woodshed; then he went into the house to tell the servants to lock the cat in the house; and when he came out the cat was coming out of the hole, licking its whiskers as if it had had a very good feast.

Of course, papa knew that the cat had eaten the meat, poison, and everything. Then he ran in the house again for my mama, the olive-oil bottle, and a spoon to pour the oil down the cat's throat—in the act of which it (the cat) scratched my mama's hand. The cat got well and so did mama's hand; but I think the poison was stale.

I have had three black cats since then. One of the funniest names was "Piltitz." I have one now called "Melba."

Believe me your friend and interested reader,

LAURA A. W—.

## MANISTEE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister has taken you ever since I can remember, and now I take you. We all enjoy you very much. I was in New York last fall, and saw the building in which you are published.

There are six children in our family, and five are girls. I am the middle daughter, and I am twelve years old. We have for pets a bird and a pony. The bird is mine, and is quite tame. We had a cat, but some one shot it; by mistake, we think. It was a Persian cat, and was very handsome. Our pony is a very queer color—almost orange, with stiff, black mane. We have beautiful sunsets on our lake. I can swim, float, and dive; and so can all the children, except the youngest, who is almost five. Very sincerely your friend,  
B. B. M—.

## BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl of eleven years, and I live on a farm just outside of Baltimore, Maryland. I have three brothers and one sister, who is older than myself. She is now traveling in Europe with my mother. I have for pets a dog, a pair of pigeons, and a kitten.

My youngest brother, who is two years old, is very funny. He says to father when he comes home, "John, did you get a letter?" And if father says "No," he says "What a pity!" His name is Frederick, but he calls himself "Master." He thinks he owns everything; and he is very fond of our black cat, whom he will pick up by the tail, and the cat will not even bite him.

I remain ever your reader,  
DOROTHY R. G—.

## OCHEYEDAN, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old to-day. We have every number of ST. NICHOLAS bound in nice big books, and I love to read them.

I am alone with papa and mama. My only brother is married, and has a home of his own; and my only sister is at college in Washington, D. C., but will be home in a few days. Six dolls and six cats are the only pets I have besides my wheel, which I enjoy riding very much. I wish every little girl could have ST. NICHOLAS for her own. Your constant reader,  
MAGGIE MCG—.

## SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is over one hundred degrees in the shade here, and I can't go outdoors. We are going camping out to McCuck Lake soon, and then I expect to have some fun. The last time that I was out there I caught the biggest perch that had been caught that summer. I have a rifle, but it is only a single one, and so I have to load every time I fire. I am going to get a repeating rifle, that will carry a mile and repeat sixteen times. I have to get the money first, though.

The other day they found an Indian skeleton, and weapons, under one of the principal streets of the town. The Indians are thick in town now, selling gooseberries which they pick on the reservation. I go and watch the troops drill every time they drill. I am going to see the "Soo" Gun Club shoot this afternoon, and some of them are crack shots.

I will have to stop now, so good-by.

GEORGE W—, JR.

## NAGOYA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day my father took me to see the largest Buddhist temple, of which there are 2000 in this city, with 5000 priests and nuns. The name of the temple is Higashi (east) Hongwanji. The height

of the temple is about 100 feet, and it is 125 feet square. It cost upward of 1,000,000 yen, Japanese money. Inside are 400 mats (a mat is 3 feet wide and 6 feet long), that is, 7200 square feet, beside the wide porches.

As we enter the temple by a flight of steps we see crowds hurrying to pray before their gods of wood. The people kneel at any convenient place facing the altar, throw in their money, say their prayers, and go away. Some of the priests are kept continually gathering up the money in a sort of scoop, or dust-pan, and putting it into the boxes. Above the throne of the god there are some fine carvings, overlaid with pure gold. There are 54 pillars of keyaki (black walnut) which are nearly 6 feet in circumference, and 30 feet in height.

In the temple there are 37 priests, 12 of whom are ordained, the rest are pupils or disciples. In the theological school attached to the temple are 100 students preparing to be priests. Within every temple inclosure there is a large bell which does not swing, but which is rung by striking a heavy timber against it. Many times a day we hear the melodious boom, boom, boom, of the temple bells, which are being rung while the priests are saying their prayers. The prayers of both priests and people are simply one or two sentences repeated over and over again. Great numbers of the people do not know the meaning of their own prayers. There are only two Christian churches in this city of 200,000 people.

Yours truly,  
HARRY J. S—.

## HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in the Hawaiian Islands. I live at the Kamehameha School for Girls. We take your magazine and I enjoy it very much.

I have a little pony; her name is Jennie. I ride her two miles to school every day.

I have been on these islands for three years. I lived in the State of Ohio before I came here. I missed the snow very much at first, but there are so many beautiful things here to enjoy that I do not miss it now.

It is so much fun to go sea-bathing. I can swim, dive, float, and do almost anything in the water. The Hawaiian girls are very fine swimmers.

Last summer we went up Haleakala, a very high extinct volcano, on the island of Maui. We had to travel on horseback. I was very sick when we reached the top, on account of the thin air.

When we reached the top, about five o'clock, it was very hot; about six, it turned suddenly very cold. About seven o'clock we went up to see the moon rise over the crater. I got so cold that I had to go back to the house and get warm. There were small crystals of ice on a pile of water standing near the fire.

On the steamer coming back, we had to have mattresses spread out on deck and sleep there. It was very rough, and I was seasick.

It was interesting to see them load the cattle. First, trained native men lassoed them, and took them out to small boats, where they were tied by their horns; then they were taken out to the steamer, where they were brought on deck by pulleys.

I remain your faithful reader,

NORA M. S—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Gertrude M. E., George Alden, Evelyn M. S., Matilda Berns, N. Nagle, Molly, Cosette M., Marjorie L., Sarah S. L., Eleanor Peters, Lilian B. O., Dorothea W., Ralph S. L., Rosaline W., Louise H. Curtis, Martha Genung, Miriam, Conrad C. Prue, Frances M. Jebb, Robert M. Jackson, M. L. M., Elizabeth J. Hitch.





## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Nansen. Cross-words: 1. Nemean. 2. nAtant. 3. hiNder. 4. theSiS. 5. weazEn. 6. weakN.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Wolfe. Cross-words: 1. Worms. 2. Oates. 3. Lamb. 4. Fox. 5. Eagle.

FALSE COMPARATIVES. 1. Ring, wringer. 2. Bit, bitter. 3. Let, letter. 4. Mite, mister. 5. Skip, skipper. 6. Mist, mister. 7. Hen, henna. 8. Mull, Muller. 9. Man, manor. 10. Light, lighter.

PROGRESSIVE GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. Popocatepetl.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Tattles. Cross-words: 1. Tattles. 2. Slang. 3. Ate. 4. T. 5. Ale. 6. Pleat. 7. Dressed.

RHOMBIC. Across: 1. Hand. 2. Heed. 3. Daub. 4. Deep. 5. Lean. 6. Flop.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Frush. 2. Rollo. 3. Ulnas. 4. Slant.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. McG. — Paul Reese — Helen C. McCleary — Josephine Sherwood — Arthur Gride — Marguerite Sturdy — "Chiddingstone" — "Uncle Sam and Cholly" — "Midwood" — "Clive" — Nessie and Freddie — Marian J. Homans — "Jersey Quartette" — George Bancroft Fernald — Ella and Co. — Mildred Shakespear — K. M. T. — W. L. — "Buckeye Nut-cracker" — Sigourney Fay Nininger — "Hilltop Farm" — Paul Rowley — "May and Jo" — "Dondy Small" — Jean Hallett — Jo and I — Clara D. Lauer and Co. — W. Y. W. — L. O. E. — No name, Chestnut Hill — "The Bottle Imps" — "Pro and Con" — Mabel and Henri — "Edgewater Two" — Delavan and his Mama — No name, Phila. — "Three Flowers" — "Anno and Tansie" — "Tod and Yam" — Hubert L. Bingay — Two Little Brothers — Effie K. Talboys — Florence F. O'Sullivan — "The Brownie Band" — F. Miles Greenleaf — "The Two Georges" — Grace Edith Thallon — Greta Simpson — Mama and Jack — Edward Arthur Lyon — Louise Ingham Adams — R. E. L. and J. S. L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from E. P. J. and F. R. J., 4 — "Mighty," etc. — "Brynild," 4 — E. Carleton McDowell, 1 — Grace Minaldi, 1 — "The Twins," 1 — Mary K. Rake, 2 — Fred Wenberg, 1 — Charlotte A. Smith, 1 — M. R. Everett, 1 — Fedora Edgar, 4 — Charles Townsend, Jr., 4 — Charles B. Whitney, 1 — J. E. Schermerhorn, Jr., 5 — Percy D. Nagle, 2 — G. B. Dyer, 11 — Jake and Jane, 1 — Dorothy R. Gittings, 2 — Robert I. Miner, 1 — C. Edwin L., 9 — Frieda P. Foote, 5 — Elsie Hoxie, 1 — Leone W. Weiler, 1 — Margaret Ellis, 1 — Ralph Owen, 1 — A. N. J. and Antoinette Heckacher, 11 — Hallie Pierce, 1 — Marguerite Union, 6 — Helen Lawrence, 1 — Henry L. Lincoln, 2 — "Old Scratch and Fits," 6 — Elizabeth Crane, 1 — J. O'Donohoe Rennie, 5 — "Spooks," 1 — Violetta Lansdale Brown, 2 — Edwin Jobbins, 1 — H. E. Strong, 7 — "Nemo," 7 — Edward Lincoln, 1 — Georgia Stipp, 3 — Frank De Vroey, 1 — Amy P. Butler, 1 — Clara A. Anthony, 10 — Eimah L. Paulette, 6 — "Will O. Tree," 10 — Katharine Minot, 1 — H. A. R., 11 — Victor J. West, 7 — "Toddlekins and Tippetoes," 5 — G. Isabel Ashwell, 2 — Laura B., 1 — Florence Elsie Turner, 9 — A. E. and H. G. E., 11 — Albert P. Weymouth, 9 — Thiotiste A. Rice, 2 — "Myhnepo," 5 — Warren Barton Blake, 4 — Mildred Schrenkeins, 2 — Theodora B. Dennis, 9 — Lawrence Warner, 1 — Clouide, 4 — Charlotte Q. D., 6 — Harriet B. Harmon, 3 — No name, Cincinnati, 9 — Martha Gardner, 1 — Harry Sneyely, 1 — W. F. Anderson, 2 — W. M. A. Lochren, 7 — "Cenbridge Friends," 9 — Frances R. D., 1 — N. Van Shaick, 6 — D. R. Kell, 2 — Franklyn A. Farnsworth, 11 — Stanley and Philip, 1 — Edward H. Merritt, 2 — "Knowledge," 10 — Katharine D. Hull, 1 — Margaret G. Findlay, 5 — Bessie and Percy, 3 — "Merry and Co., 11 — "Kilkenny Cats," 11 — "Sindbad, Smith, and Co., 5 — Helen Lorraine Enos, 4 — "Adulcentes," 10 — Frederica Yeager, 10 — Adelaide Gaither, 7 — Edna Taylor Smith, 9 — Harriet Perry, 4 — Daniel Hardin and Co., 8 — Bertha Getzelman, 5 — "The Whole Family," 9 — "The Butterflies," 10 — Rebecca E. Forbes, 4 — "Woodside Folks," 11 — Katharine D. Parmly, 11 — Laura M. Zinser, 9 — Charlotte Schram, 1 — Grace Colyer and Nettie Sherwood, 3 — C. C. S. Moncrieff, 10 — Louise G. M. Cochrane, 8 — Lloyd R. and Derby W., 4.

### HOOR-GLASS.

MY centrals, reading downward, spell the name of a famous American author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Knowledge. 2. Called. 3. A pronoun. 4. A letter from Norway. 5. To inquire. 6. To invest with royal dignity and power. 7. Ardent in the pursuit of an object. "MARY ANNE."

### COMBINATION PUZZLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHEN the five words described are rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the initial letters will

5. Hosts. 11. 1. Hare. 2. Agog. 3. Rome. 4. Eger. III. 1. Chop. 2. Hake. 3. Okra. 4. Peak.

CHARADES. 2. Trowbridge. 3. Kipling. 3. Stockton. 4. Alcott. 5. Burnett.

ZIGZAG. John Loudon Macadam. Cross-words: 1. Jonah. 2. Boast. 3. Bohem. 4. Shunt. 5. Newel. 6. Melos. 7. Flute. 8. Odeon. 9. Omega. 10. Annoy. 11. Cameo. 12. Nomad. 13. Civic. 14. Tread. 15. Sodom. 16. Fatal. 17. Motor.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Kipling. 1. Kangaroo. 2. Ibis. 3. Pigeon. 4. Lion. 5. IbeX. 6. Narwhal. 7. Goat.

ANAGRAM. Ian MacIaren.

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. R. 2. Sad. 3. Babel. 4. Demor. 5. Lover. 6. Newel. 7. Redan. 8. Labor. 9. Noted. 10. Rebus. 11. Dun. 12. S.

spell the name of a celebrated English philosopher. The acrostic will include a diamond (as indicated in the diagram) and the diamond will include a three-letter word-square.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Supports or strengthens by aid or influence. 2. To lessen. 3. The weight of four grains. 4. Any cared seal. 5. Dating from one's birth.

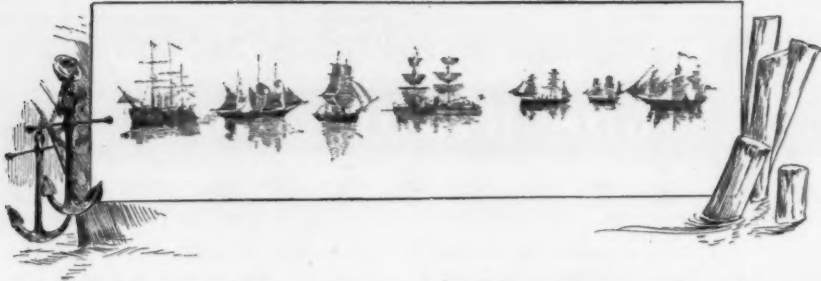
NELLIE R. T.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will name a famous naval commander.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Sly. 2. The predominant qualities of a drug, extracted and refined from grosser matter. 3. A structure of lattice-work for supporting plants. 4. A sitting. 5. A military officer. 6. Transgressors.

S. J., W. P. H., AND M. J. H.



## A FLEET OF SHIPS.

THE steamship *New York* had been four days out at sea. A group of young people had gathered on the upper deck and were trying to pass the long hour before dinner by asking conundrums.

"Let us suppose," said a gentleman who strolled up to them, "that all the sea around us is covered with vessels great and small, famous in song and story."

"Tell us about them," they cried, "and we will guess their names."

He readily complied:

"I see a little fleet of three ships, sailing ahead of us out into the west, bound on a voyage of discovery. The largest of them (1) is only ninety feet long, and she carries the Admiral (2) and a crew of 66 men; the second (3) does not steer very well, for she dislodged her rudder at the beginning of her voyage; both it and the third (4) are half-decked, and all three carry the flag of Spain. They are a strange trio, but near them is a stranger ship still, for she (5) was built to sail over the land. Then there is a wonderful ship (6), full of giants and heroes, sailing off to a garden just to gain possession of some wool from a sheep. To the leeward of her is a gilded barge (7), and how she keeps afloat on the Atlantic I can't imagine, for she was built for the canals of Venice and the sunny Adriatic, and every Ascension Day the Doge rowed out in her and dropped a golden ring into the sea with these words: 'We espouse thee, O sea, in token of true and lasting dominion.'

"There, sailing together, are the flagships of three famous admirals. The first admiral (8) has placed at his mast-head a broom, with which he intends to sweep the British from their own waters; the second (9) captured a British squadron on Lake Erie, and the flag of his vessel (10) bears the motto 'Don't give up the ship'; and the third, England's greatest naval commander (11), lies on the deck of his man-of-war (12), dying in obedience to his own signal, 'England expects every man will do his duty.'

"Over there, looking strangely out of place on a modern torpedo boat, are three discoverers chatting away in the most friendly fashion. There is the famous Portuguese (13) who first rounded the southernmost point of South America; the captain (14) in the service of the Dutch East India Company who in his ship (15) first sailed up the Hudson River; the first Englishman (16) to sail around the world, from the timbers of whose ship (17) a chair was made and presented to the University of Oxford by Charles II.

"Nearer to the *New York* are some more modern boats. There is one built by a Swedish American inventor, which on account of its strange shape was called a 'cheesebox on a raft' (18), and which did great havoc to a southern ship in the Civil War; there is the largest vessel ever constructed (19), which in 1865 carried out the Atlantic cable, and the steamer (20) which has made the fastest passage from Queenstown to New York. There

is the yacht (21) which sailed over to Cowes more than thirty-five years ago and carried off the cup which England has so far tried in vain to win back, and the ship (22) all covered with icicles in which Nansen started in June, 1893, to discover the North Pole.

"Lying closest to our vessel, as it should lie closest to our hearts, is a ship which is no ship at all, though Longfellow called it the 'Ship of State' (23), yet we are more interested in it than in any of the others we have talked about, and we Americans should love it better than anything else in the world."

The boys and girls on the *New York* guessed the answers to all twenty-three questions. Which of the boys and girls who read *St. Nicholas* can do as well?

MARGARET JACKSON.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals each name a famous yacht.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Empty. 2. Capable. 3. To lounge or loiter about. 4. A joint of the leg. 5. A sailor's story. 6. A hostile incursion. 7. Averse to labor or employment. 8. Continually.

"SAND CRABS."

## A BOAT RIDDLE.

(Twelve kinds of boats are suggested by the following lines.)

BEHOLD a gallant fleet indeed;

Pray guess what they can be.

1. The first 's the swiftest craft that sails,  
Though ne'er afloat is she.

2. The next appears as fleecy clouds  
In summer skies above.

3. And weapons sharp the third conceals,  
Beneath a velvet glove.

4. The shipwrecked man on desert isle  
The fourth would gladly see;

5. And in the fifth e'en gentle folks  
Live for economy.

6. Handle the dangerous sixth with care;

7. The seventh with meats we use;

8. And if with dynamite you play,  
The eighth you're like to lose.

9. The ninth most college boys aspire  
To do both well and fast;

10. The tenth 's a guide through dangerous ways,  
And brings to port at last.

11. A narrow, winding, watery way  
Gives to the next its name;

12. The coarsest part of broken flax  
Does for the last the same. F. AMORY.

## WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A GARDEN flower. 2. A notion. 3. The hero of one of Shakspeare's plays. 4. A measure of length.

II. 1. A quadruped. 2. A masculine name. 3. A minute particle. 4. A ponderous volume. ISOLA.

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KATRINKA.